



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE appointment of the Right Honorable John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, styled by courtesy Marquis of Lorne, to be Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada in succession of the Earl of Dufferin, who retires next month, has given great satisfaction on both

sides the Atlantic. The Marquis, who is the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Argyll, who traces his title as far back as 1457, was born at Stafford House, close to St. James's Palace, August 6th, 1845. He has four brothers and seven sisters, the eldest of whom is wife of Earl Percy, son and heir to the Duke of Northumberland. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1868 he was elected

Member of Parliament for the Shire of Argyll, and has acted as private secretary to his father in his office as Secretary of State for India. In the military service he is captain of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers and of the Fourth Sutherlandshire Rifle Volunteers.

In January, 1866, the Marquis made a trip to the West Indies and the United States, and in the following year became

favorably known to the English-reading public by a volume on his travels. A greater prominence awaited him in 1871, when, on the 21st of March, he was married to the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The first English Governor of Canada was Earl Durham, who was appointed in January, 1838. Sir John Colborne (Lord



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, SON-IN-LAW OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND NEWLY-APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Seaton) succeeded him, and, after a brief reign, gave place to Charles Powlett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham. Lord Sydenham was succeeded by Sir Charles Bagot, who resigned in 1842. Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, came next. In 1846, Earl Cathcart, a veteran soldier, received the appointment, and held it until 1853, when he returned to England. Then came Lord Monck in 1861, who is still living in Dublin. After him the late Sir John Young, Lord Lisgar, whose sister is the Baroness Anna von Barnekow; and in 1872, Earl Dufferin, the present Governor-General, with whom citizens of the United States are well acquainted through his visits to our principal cities, his erudition and his cordial reception of Americans at his mansion.

Three members of the Royal family—the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Arthur—have visited Canada, but the Princess Louise will be the first member of that family to take even an indirect part in the government of the country. Canadian journals confidently predict the most happy results from the close identification of the people of the Dominion, which this appointment assures, with the Home Government.

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THE LABOR INQUEST.

It begins, we trust, to grow more and more clear to the average politician that the "politics of the future" must revolve in the sphere of public economy. At the beginning of our Government it was natural that constitutional questions should engage the paramount attention of our statesmen, for the letter of the newly-framed Constitution had to be interpreted and reduced to forms of practice in the administration of national affairs. Social questions, created by the conflict between the free and the slave-holding States, then came to dominate in the forum of Federal debate, and that conflict having been finally settled by the arbitrament of arms, we are again remitted to the domain of administrative politics, with problems greatly exceeding in number and complexity any that have previously taxed the statesmanship of the country.

That neither of the two leading parties which now divide the greater part of the American people is entirely equal to the solution of these problems is rendered pretty evident by the effort which each is making to turn the sharp corners of current financial and economical discussion. The Republican chieftains would fain lead back their legions to the old battle-ground on which, for three successive Presidential campaigns, they have dragged the carcass of slavery at the heels of their triumphal car, pretending all the while that the monster, though thrice slain, was not yet entirely dead. The Democrats have sought to find in the "cry of fraud" a truce for the composition of the grave dissensions which shake their ranks in the matters of politico-economical concern, and, while admitting the gravity of these matters, they are more anxious to evade them for the present than to avoid them after the manner of Jonah Barrington—"by meeting them plump."

If the commission of Mr. Hewitt and his colleagues was invented at the last session of Congress for the purpose of temporarily evading some of these "burning questions" of the hour, it is only just to say that that commission, under the conduct of its enlightened chairman, is performing a valuable service to the public by giving to our "National Labor Reformers" and "Greenbackers" a full and fair opportunity to formulate their grievances and their

views of public policy. We are greatly mistaken if the confused medley of opinions brought to light by this inquest do not prove as salutary to the members of the "new party" as it is instructive to the votaries of the great historical parties against which they frame their heavy indictments. We have had "Abolitionists" before in the history of our politics, but never before have we had such a variety of the genus as we witness to-day among the different wings of our social and political reformers, proposing as they do to "abolish" capitalists, interest on money, private ownership of land, patent laws, customs duties, forcible collection of debts, labor-saving machines, etc., etc. We have had "Prohibitionists" before, who aimed to eradicate the curse of drunkenness by putting an embargo on the sale of intoxicating drinks; but never before have we had a propagandism in favor of "prohibiting" so many things besides rum—such as the employment of children under fourteen years in any kind of labor; the employment of other than citizens on the public works; the immigration of Chinese laborers; or the performance of any public work on the contract system of labor. When we pass from negations to measures of positive policy, we find propositions like the following: To lay a graduated tax on all incomes; to furnish government work for all unemployed citizens; to open industrial schools at the expense of the nation; to raise all public moneys by direct taxation; to stop killing the Indians and put the army at work on the prairies; to make the "eight-hour law" of universal and penal obligation; to make it illegal for women to work long hours; to run all machinery on the "co-operative principle"; to create a bureau of labor statistics; to create a department of national industry; to establish Government co-operative societies; to make the administration of justice gratuitous; to make suffrage universal, without discrimination of sex; to establish minority representation; to issue unlimited greenbacks; to call in and cancel all Government bonds and national bank-notes; to run railroads and administer the telegraph under Government control; to submit all laws for ratification by the people; and, lastly, to keep all "politicians" out of every office of honor or emolument!

In the presence of such a *résumé* (which we copy, in the main, from the not unfriendly columns of a city journal), it must be admitted, we think, that the "new party" has little advantage over the older organizations in unity of creed, however superior to them its membership may be in "keeping up with the times." The exposure of these political crudities to the light of day has not been without a steady effect upon the minds of some whose heads were in danger of being turned by the nonsense floating in the air of our current politics. Others there are who, as if ashamed of the features caught by Mr. Hewitt's mirror, do not scruple to charge him with the cunning adroitness of the capitalist, seeking to bring the Labor Reformers into ridicule by putting forward the most empty-headed of their number as the spokesmen of the new party.

To the philosophical observer it is plain enough that these insensate vagaries are the symptoms of a social and political unrest incident to every period of financial revulsion and economical stricture. They are chaotic and not cosmical. Like bubbles on the surface of a running stream, they show the presence of obstructive and agitating forces, but do not add momentum or volume to its current. When the times are out of joint the logic of men is unhinged by the wrench and strain which have dislocated the body politic. Political errors sometimes end by producing confusion in the public mind as well as in the public affairs, and Bacon never uttered a truer saying than when he remarked that "truth emerges sooner from error than from confusion." An error discovered in season may train and discipline the mind into a right direction for the pursuit of truth; but confusion leaves its victims to flounder and sink deeper in the slough of Despond to which it has consigned them.

ENCOURAGING FIGURES.

THERE is a degree of exaggeration in the complaints about the depression of trade and the stagnation of industry. We certainly have been for some time making steady progress from the extreme exhaustion of four years ago. Consider, by way of proof, the following facts: In 1876, the wheat acreage was 5,000,000 greater than in 1873; the corn acreage was 10,000,000 greater; the oats acreage 4,000,000 greater, etc. In 1873 the cotton consumed in manufactures was 200,000 bales less than in 1877, while the increase in the imports and home crop of wool used for manufacturing purposes, during the four years named was 34,000,000 pounds. Then, in the same period, there was an increase of 188,600 tons in our manufacture of rolled iron and steel. These figures are

significant of a steadily growing prosperity; but there are others which are even more suggestive. In all the leading articles of domestic production, the quantity exported was last year greatly in excess of the exports of 1873. A comparative exhibit will show this very strikingly:

	1872-73.	1876-7.
Indian corn, bush.....	38,541,940	70,860,983
Wheat, bush.....	39,204,285	40,325,000
Wheat flour, bbls.....	2,562,086	3,343,655
Cotton, lbs.....	1,203,647,000	1,445,368,000
Cotton goods, yds.....	13,773,000	111,000,000
Apples, dried, lbs.....	4,483,186	14,318,052
Hops, lbs.....	1,795,437	9,581,108
Leather, lbs.....	17,241,000	25,122,936
Nails and Spikes, lbs.....	5,996,913	9,316,659
Firearms.....	\$1,181,850	\$5,259,813
Oil Cake, lbs.....	194,318,000	273,670,940
Illuminating Oil, gals.....	158,102,000	262,441,000
Bacon and Hams, lbs.....	395,381,000	460,057,146
Beef, lbs.....	31,605,000	88,366,000
Cheese, lbs.....	80,366,000	107,364,000
Leaf Tobacco, lbs.....	213,995,000	282,386,600

Our total exports of merchandise and specie for the year ending on the 30th of June amounted to \$728,617,425, as against \$658,637,457 for the year 1877. In the latter year, the excess of exports over imports was \$166,537,917, while in 1878 the excess was \$261,744,579. In 1873 our imports exceeded our exports about \$120,000,000. The change in the specie movement has been equally significant. In 1873 we exported \$63,000,000 more of specie than we imported, whereas during the year just closed the excess of specie exported was only \$3,911,912. In other words, our foreign trade has, since 1873, undergone so complete a change that, instead of paying \$63,000,000 in coin, and running in debt for a still larger amount each year, we have discharged foreign indebtedness amounting to about \$261,000,000 during the last fiscal year, and only about \$9,000,000 of it by exports of specie.

Our commercial condition, it is true, is by no means what we would like to see it, and workmen are still suffering in many places for the want of remunerative employment; but the situation is not as bad as the croakers would make it, and we are certainly making actual progress toward a stable and solid prosperity. If the financial tinkers would only "let things alone," and suffer the business and finances of the country to adjust themselves naturally and in obedience to fixed laws, there would very soon be no occasion for complaint on the part of either laborers or capitalists.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

THE fact that one of the most flourishing and useful universities of the country, the University of Michigan, has abolished commencements as a useless inheritance of the past and an unworthy custom for the future, suggests the inquiry whether other colleges might not follow the example thus presented with profit to themselves and the cause of education. It may well be questioned whether commencements have not survived their usefulness. When the country was new and the population small, there was some excuse for making a holiday of the occasion when the boys finished the highest course then open to them. It was but fair to make much of a youth who had gone as far in his education as the institutions of the country permitted. By comparison, the grade of the education to be obtained at that time was high, and a moderate amount of pride was pardonable, but all this is entirely changed at the present day. When the student finishes his college course at any college of our time, so far from having completed his education, he ought to feel that he has but just begun it. The real university course is now to be begun, and the truly earnest study is before him. It is no occasion for boasting, but, on the contrary, a modest bearing and tacit admission that life is just beginning, is more appropriate. This quiet frame of mind cannot be cultivated if the departure from college is attended by the ceremonies which have grown into such a settled custom in our country. The present commencement rather fills the young men with the notion that they have fought the good fight, and are now ready to take possession of the field, perhaps to weep that there are no more worlds to conquer. Any custom which fosters such pride has survived its usefulness, and ought to be abolished.

There is another view of the matter which is of even more importance in its bearing upon the welfare of our educated young men than any other, and it is one which has not received the attention from writers that it deserves. We refer to the demoralizing features of the occasion. The moment that a student enters college he is taught to look upon the course of study as a race to be run with his classmates, and he is early made to feel that it is important for him to win the cup which will be presented on commencement day, by fair or foul means. From the day he enters until the end of the course, his coming in and going out is marked. Every step is recorded, and he soon learns that cheating in college is not like cheating anywhere else, but is

rather an evidence of superior intelligence, inasmuch as it is the fault of the system and not the obliquity of the youth himself. The race becomes a game of chance, and, however strong the boy may have been in his principles when he entered college, he must be more than human if he could stand this ordeal without yielding to its baleful influence. It may be said that the marking system in college has nothing to do with commencement, but this is a mistake. The system is supported by the idea that unless the student can show a certain number of marks at the end of his course he will not be able to graduate; in other words, he cannot appear on "the stage of commencement," hence everything is made to tend to the requirements of the final occasion, and the course of study is shaped and governed by the show-day rather than by the higher motive of acquiring knowledge for its own worth. All this is demoralizing and detrimental in the highest degree, and if it ever had an existence in Europe it has long since been abandoned.

With the abolition of commencements by the University of Michigan will disappear the procrustean division of the students into groups or classes, who must perforce finish their studies on a certain day, and what is more, the marking system will go by the board, as it will no longer be necessary to determine with mathematical accuracy who comes out ahead after the four years' race. The professors in Michigan can now devote themselves to the instruction of the youth under their charge, and when any one can pass a satisfactory examination whether at the end of four years or of six, he will receive his certificate quietly, and can go on his way rejoicing. These considerations force us to the conclusion that it would be better to abolish commencements than to retain them with all their attending evils.

EUROPEAN COMPLICATIONS.

THE conspiracy alleged to have been discovered at Constantinople for overthrowing Saffet Pasha and returning to the treaty of San Stefano and to the Russian protectorate must have been plotted by Turks far behind the times. But the march of events, if too rapid for them, cannot be checked. Even the reluctant Sultan had to recognize by telegram the validity of the Berlin Treaty, when ratifications of that treaty were duly exchanged between the other signatory powers. Although Turkey has not formally protested against the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, yet the Porte is naturally anxious to find out, through Caratheodori Pasha, at Vienna, how long the occupation will last. Meanwhile it looks as if the Austrians were coming into those provinces to stay for a long, if indeterminate, period. They have, it is said, succeeded in entering Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, and Maglaj, the capital of Herzegovina, but not without encountering bloody resistance. A fact more serious than the fatal attack upon a squadron of Austrian hussars, imprudently pushed forward to reconnoitre, in the defiles of Schebeche, is the combat, almost a battle, in which the Austrians had a whole division—that is to say 10,000 men—engaged, at Kosna, and met with losses so severe as to leave it doubtful which side was victorious. A few days ago the insurgents at Sarajevo were satisfied to expel their governor because he was willing to welcome with congratulations the soldiers from Vienna. But at Mostar the people rose and the governor was assassinated. The Austrian army, as it slowly advances in the provinces, must dread at any moment to see Italian volunteers suddenly threaten them in the rear. At Vienna it is suspected that the Mostar insurrection was fomented by the Montenegrins, and that the Porte itself has instigated revolts in the districts annexed to Montenegro and Serbia, and has supplied the Albanians with arms and ammunition to be used against their neighbors. It is more probable that the Porte has lost control over the restless and unquiet population of its tributary provinces. Austria is getting very indignant, however, and threatens to recall its Ambassador from Constantinople. Suleiman Pasha is shut up in Trebinje with 1,500 troops. Kossuth, the great Hungarian orator, has issued a vehement protest against the Austrian occupation, but it is possible that his Hungarian hatred of the Slavic element accounts for his opposition. A strong popular opposition to the Austrian policy was disclosed by the results of the recent Hungarian elections.

Meanwhile, the returns of the recent elections in Germany are officially estimated, after the final balloting, at 112 Conservative and 106 Liberal members of the new German Parliament. At Elberfeld, however, on the second balloting, one Democratic Socialist was elected. The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and his son, the Archduke Rodolph, arrived on the 6th inst. at Toplitz, to pay a visit to the Emperor Wilhelm. A conference of the Ministers of Finance of the different German States, with a view to increase the

revenues of the Empire, was convoked for the 12th inst., at Heidelberg.

Russia is striving to secure a foreign loan in order to make amends for the money losses occasioned by the vast expenditures during the recent war. It will also require fresh recruits to supply the enormous losses of life, not only by battle, but by disease. Not less than 47,000 Russians are now on the sick-list in Bulgaria alone, and both General Todleben and General Schouvaloff have been prostrated by typhus fever.

Fever, and the exorbitant rents demanded by Greek landlords at Nicosia, on the island of Cyprus, have constrained the new British Governor-General, Sir Garnet Wolsley, to encamp, with his staff, outside of the town. Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, is talked of for the responsible position of British Commissioner in Asia Minor. Throughout the United Kingdom, felicitations continue to be addressed by various corporations to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury. London has conferred on them both the freedom of the city, and the Lord Mayor has entertained them at a sumptuous banquet. What is still more satisfactory to the Ministry, not only did the debates in the House of Commons end with a triumphant vote against Lord Hartington's adverse resolution, as has already been mentioned, but when the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented to the House the supplementary estimates, announcing that provision must be made for an extraordinary deficit of £4,300,000, to meet which he proposed to issue Treasury bonds on three years' time, the sum required this year, being £2,000,000, was immediately voted, after brief criticism on the part of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers. It is rumored that Tenedos, an island five miles long and two miles broad, about fifteen miles distant from the western mouth of the Dardanelles, has been ceded by Turkey to England. It will be useful chiefly as a military or naval station for further protection of British interests in the East.

There is talk—but doubtless idle talk—of the cession of Scio and Rhodes to France. The French are uneasily watching the efforts of Germany to acquire a foothold in Morocco (where a terrible famine has been raging), and of Italy to acquire a foothold in Tunis, to the future detriment, they fear, of their own colony in Algeria. An electoral manifesto has been issued by the Republican Senators and Deputies. A French Senator has been accused of cheating at play. The late Emperor's son, the Prince Imperial, is to be married, it is said, although the date of the wedding is not yet fixed, to Princess Thyra, third daughter of Christian IX., King of Denmark, and a sister of the Princess of Wales. Ex-Queen Isabella has given her jewels, estimated at 15,000,000 reals, towards the splendid church and mausoleum which King Alfonso intends to erect to the memory of the late lamented Queen Mercedes. The widowed monarch will devote to this purpose yearly the sum of 1,000,000 reals. The Italian agitation in favor of annexing Trieste and the Trentino has almost entirely subsided. Pope Leo XIII. has offered the place of Pontifical Secretary of State, declined by Cardinal de Lucca and Cardinal Mertel, to Cardinal Nina, a Roman, an intelligent, reasonable prelate of unblemished reputation, fully competent to conduct difficult and delicate negotiations between the Holy See and the Courts of Italy, Germany and England.

THERE can be no doubt that the cause of civil service "reform" is making rapid progress. One of the latest illustrations of this fact is afforded by the appointment of an Indiana man as Consul at Pesth, who, on the very day of his appointment, was arrested and fined in the police court at Washington for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Such significant evidences of the success of the Administration effort to "elevate the public service" must not be permitted to pass unnoticed.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exceptionally hot weather of the present Summer, the mortality in this city has not been excessive. For the week ending July 27th, the number of deaths was 163 below the average for the corresponding weeks of the past five years. For the week ending August 3d, the deaths were 164 less than during the corresponding week of last year. Doubtless, the ravages of disease, among children especially, have been mitigated by the labors of the corps of visiting physicians in the tenement districts.

THE crops in the Western States seem to have suffered some damage from the recent storms, but the facts do not justify in the least the exaggerated reports which flooded Wall street, and were made the basis of assaults upon the stocks of Northwestern railroads, during the early days of the month. These reports greatly demoralized "the street," and, no doubt, under skilful manipulation, operated to the serious loss of some heavy dealers; but the market recovered firmness as the truth

became known, and there is no fear anywhere that the grain product of the country will not be sufficient to meet all foreign demands, and so help to keep the balance of trade largely in our favor.

THE condition of the finances of Germany is not altogether satisfactory. Last year's deficit was 15,000,000 marks—about \$3,000,000 in gold. All branches of the customs and excise suffered from the depression of trade, and it is found necessary to devise at once some plan for increased taxation. Last year's deficit was fortunately covered by savings from the French indemnity, but this resource will not, of course, be permanently available. There are some indications that Great Britain and the Continental States have not yet touched the bottom of the business depression from which we are emerging, and it is believed by some careful observers that both Germany and England have yet to pass through a period of great financial stringency before solid prosperity can be reached.

THERE is at length a lull in the flow of passenger travel to Europe. But the travel of the season, as a whole, has exceeded that of any previous year, the total number of passengers between New York and trans-Atlantic ports, carried by eleven different lines of steamers, from April 4th to August 1st, being stated at 20,333, against 18,038 in 1872 and 18,533 in 1873, the two heaviest seasons heretofore. The experience of the present year has shown that the existing steamship lines are able, with the use of reserve boats, to transport double the number of passengers now carried, the facilities for travel being claimed as always in excess of the demand. The eleven companies engaged in the trade employed during the season seventy-five steamers, which made 168 trips. If every passenger has expended abroad, say, \$500, then the snug aggregate of over ten millions of dollars has been withdrawn from our available resources and transferred to foreign coffers.

THE address of Kearney, the California agitator, before the workingmen of Boston on the 5th instant, must have been a disappointment to the more intelligent part of his vast audience. As a spectacular performance, bristling with anathemas and denunciations of the press, of capitalists, and of the "thieves and robbers" of politics, it had its merits, but as a statement of the case of the workingmen, it was wholly destitute of force or coherence. A man like Kearney who undertakes to lead his countrymen in a crusade for the recovery of endangered rights should be able to indicate some practical method for the accomplishment of his purpose, and when mere denunciation is substituted for sensible argument, we can only conclude that the champion is utterly unworthy of the leadership which he assumes. It is quite safe to predict that, strong as they are in numbers and influence, the Nationals will fall entirely in the ends at which they aim if they shall continue to accept the guidance of mountebanks and charlatans like this man Kearney.

It is understood that the Chinese Embassy comes prepared to discuss the proposed modification of existing treaties with China, especially so far as relates to the unlimited immigration of Chinese laborers. It will be remembered that at the last session of Congress a joint resolution was passed, urging upon the Executive the importance of giving this subject immediate attention, and it is stated that he will urge a speedy abrogation of so much of existing treaties as allows free immigration and propose to restrict the relations to those strictly of a commercial character. The Government, on the other hand, is to protect the Chinese laborer already in the country so long as he may choose to remain in the United States. It is thought that the new Minister will accede to our wishes in this respect, and that he will, at the same time, favor improved commercial relations between this country and his own. We can understand why he should favor the latter proposition, but, as to the former, it is difficult to see upon what rational ground this Government can insist upon its acceptance.

WE are again assured from Washington, apropos of the outrages along the Rio Grande, that at a recent meeting of the Cabinet, "there was some talk in favor of preparations on the part of our Government to counteract any warlike demonstrations on the part of the Mexican people, should it be found necessary for our troops to pursue Mexican raiders across the border when they continue to commit depredations on the American side of the frontier." But it is added that it was concluded to do nothing at present. The Cabinet has been talking, talking, talking on this matter for month after month, and it is about time that something should be done. Mexican

desperadoes of the very worst class are organizing for forays across the border; pillage and murder are of constant occurrence; life and property in Texas are both held by the fraillest tenure in the presence of Mexican lawlessness and our own timidity, and still the Cabinet serenely talks about what it will be proper to do in an indefinite future. A display of vigor in the protection of the rights and interests of American citizens in that quarter would be wonderfully refreshing to the masses of the people.

THE recent decision of Secretary Schurz declaring the lands along the Pacific Railroads open to pre-emption under the Homestead Law is likely to lead to a sharp conflict between the monopolists and the Government. The former have always entertained the idea of seizing and appropriating these valuable reservations, and now, realizing that their bonds will be damaged in the market in case this decision should be acted on and the lands generally be occupied, they have decided to test the constitutionality of the ruling in the courts. Meanwhile, they give notice that any attempt to pre-empt their lands under the Secretary's decision will be resisted, and the parties ejected. They also give notice of their purpose to ignore what they term "the so-called decision of the Secretary of the Interior," and that they will continue the sale of lands as heretofore, at prices fixed by the respective companies. The effect of this policy will be to temporarily give these grasping roads precisely the advantage they wish to maintain. But Secretary Schurz does not mean to surrender; he will at once take measures to have his decision affirmed by the Supreme Court and advance the case on the docket, so that the roads may do as little damage as possible.

THERE are some signs of a Democratic revolt in some of the Southern States. In Mississippi, Senator Lamar and others of the better class of Democrats, give notice that they will no longer acquiesce in the policy of the malevolents, but mean to oppose resolutely all violence at elections, and all intimidation of voters. In Tennessee a division in the ranks of the Democracy, growing out of the repudiation doctrine held by a majority of their number regarding the payment of the State debt, seems now to be inevitable. The bonds of the State being largely held at the North, the Bourbons hold that it would be the right thing to refuse to pay them; but the more honest and upright men of the party repudiate these sentiments, and threaten to cut aloof from all political affiliations with those who uphold such doctrines. Postmaster-General Key says there is no preventing a split in the Democratic party in the State when it elects its judges and members next Fall. In North Carolina the Independent Democrats gained some important advantages in the late election, and it now seems probable that a reconstruction of parties will speedily take place in all that section. In some of the Northern States the "National" movement is producing party disintegration to an extent which only the Fall elections will enable us fully to understand.

THE returns of the Internal Revenue Department show that the consumption of fermented liquors in the United States, during the last fiscal year, was 431,411 barrels, or 13,373,741 gallons, greater than during the year preceding. The total consumption of fermented liquors, during the year ending on the 30th of June last, was 317,495,601 gallons. Placing the population of the United States at 45,000,000 souls, these figures give a fraction over seven gallons as the quantity consumed by every man, woman and child, in the country. As at least one-half of our entire population, including children, do not drink any fermented liquors, it must be concluded that the quantity consumed by each actual drinker was equal to over fourteen gallons. The quantity of distilled spirits which entered into consumption during the year was 51,000,000 gallons, but much of this was used in the arts and exported, so that no safe estimate can be made of the quantity which found its way down the throats of bibulous Americans. The tables from which these figures are derived show also, pretty clearly, the extent and cost of the smoking habits of our people. The total amount of cigars upon which tax was paid for the year was 1,905,093,743, which number is exclusive of 165,189,594 cigarettes. This would give, excluding the cigarettes, over forty-two cigars to every inhabitant of the country, and assuming that one-fourth of our entire population are smokers, it would give each smoker 168 cigars for the year. The manufactured tobacco—exclusive of that used for the manufacture of cigars—consumed during the year, was 25,312,933. The tax derived from spirits and fermented liquors was \$60,357,555, and from tobacco, \$40,084,529.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

OFFICIAL reports place the number of deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans this season at 126.

A FULL Greenback ticket for State officers, with W. H. Hammons for Governor, has been nominated in Texas.

THE Columbia College Crew returned to New York on August 10th, and met with a most enthusiastic reception.

THE vessels comprising the New York Yacht Club started on their annual cruise from Glen Cove, August 7th.

THE first shipment of petroleum from Pennsylvania was received in New York, under the new arrangement, by canal.

THE Colorado State Republican Convention assembled at Denver, August 7th, and nominated F. W. Pitkin for Governor.

A HARD-MONEY platform has been adopted by the Delaware State Democratic Convention, and John W. Hall nominated for Governor.

DENNIS KEARNEY, the California agitator, addressed 10,000 workmen in Boston, August 8th, and nominated General Butler for Governor.

MR. GIDDEON J. TUCKER has accepted the National Greenback and Labor nomination for Associate Justice of the New York Court of Appeals.

H. H. KIMPTON, ex-State Financial Agent of South Carolina, was arrested at Westfield, Mass., August 7th, and released on a writ of *habeas corpus*.

THE Congressional Committee on Labor and Business Depression are still listening patiently to the theories of Communists, Socialists and Nationals in New York.

THE expected collision between the Federal and State authorities in South Carolina has been averted by the surrender, to the Federal officials, of the prisoners held for killing certain illicit distillers.

THE American Bankers' Association began a three days' session at Saratoga, August 7th, under the presidency of Charles B. Hall, of Boston. Strong resolutions upholding resumption were adopted.

MAJOR E. A. BURKE has received the nomination for State Treasurer by the Louisiana Democrats, who adopted a greenback platform, and favored the repeal of the Resumption Act and a Constitutional Convention.

A SEVERE tornado passed over Wallingford, Conn., on Friday evening, August 9th. Twenty-seven persons lost their lives, between forty or fifty were more or less injured, and property to the value of nearly \$250,000 was destroyed and damaged.

"COVE" D. BENNETT surrendered himself to the police authorities of Jersey City, August 6th, and on being arraigned on a charge of complicity in the mysterious murder of Police Officer Smith, pleaded not guilty of the crime, having confidence in his own ability to prove an alibi.

LATE reports represent that Sitting Bull is starving, and will soon be forced to succumb or go on the war-path. He has asked leave to return to the United States, but it is stated that he and his followers will be arrested and treated as prisoners of war upon their setting foot on American soil.

Foreign.

CARDINAL LORENZO NINA has accepted the position of Pontifical Secretary of State.

TYPHUS fever has broken out at Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, and is rapidly spreading.

THE strikes in the north of France have terminated. In Paris the Prefect of Police has given authority to the cabmen, who are on a strike, to hold meetings.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS, the American pigeon-shooter, won the championship of the world in the contest with Aubrey Coventry, at London, England, on August 6th, by one bird.

THE International Monetary Conference held its first session in Paris August 10th. M. Leon Say, Minister of Finance, was elected President, and Governor Fenton of New York made the opening address.

THE Porte has resolved to grant very large concessions to Crete, such as will be calculated to pacify the inhabitants of the island, but has determined to refuse the demands of Greece, deeming them unjustifiable.

ON July 7th a fresh outbreak of the natives occurred at Achene, Africa. The Dutch troops attacked and captured a strong position held by the Achenees. The loss to the natives was six hundred and eighty, and to the Dutch fifty-six men.

A COMMITTEE of organization has been formed at Paris with the view of holding, from the 8th to the 22d of September, a grand international shooting match, to which the French and foreign societies and delegations from the active and territorial armies are to be invited.

SULEIMAN PASHA, with 1,500 Asiatic troops, is shut up in Trebigne. He will not allow the insurgents to enter the town, fearing a massacre of the Turkish authorities. Fifteen hundred Bosnian regular troops have deserted from Trebigne and joined the insurgents at Durbrowa.

THE Franco-American Conference for the consideration of a treaty of commerce met at Paris, August 7th. About forty American delegates were present, and nearly all the Chambers of Commerce in France were represented. M. Foucher Descaire and Mr. Pollock presided for France and America respectively.

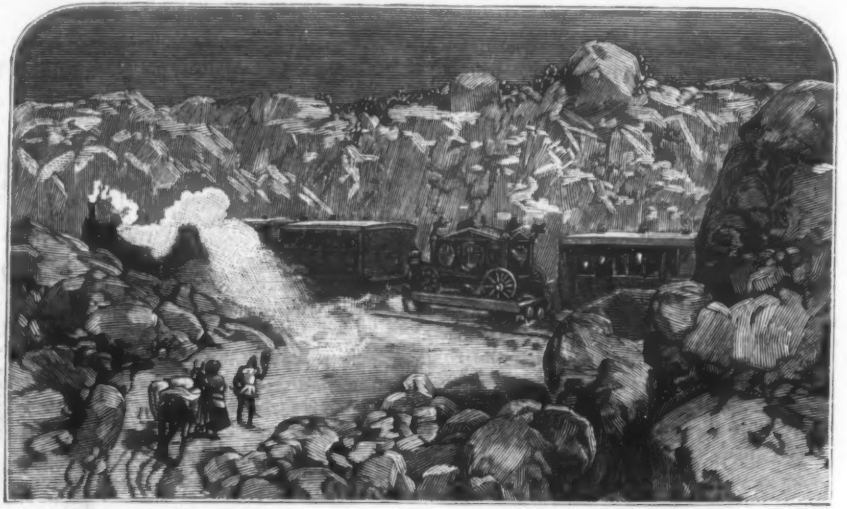
AUSTRIAN troops have entered Mostar, Herzegovina. A body of hussars were fired upon by ambuscaded insurgents in the Sandjak of Zvarink, and almost annihilated. The Government, notwithstanding the strong corps of occupation sent to Bosnia and Herzegovina, intends effecting a further mobilization of its forces in order to have in reserve an additional army corps ready for active service. The Turkish Government declares emphatically that it has ordered its representatives not to oppose the Austrians.

It is stated in clerical circles that Prince Bismarck and the Papal Nuncio have arrived at an arrangement on the basis of amnesty for all offenses against the Falk Laws and the re-establishment of the convention existing before the rupture. The Vatican will promptly give a formal reply to these propositions. Prince Bismarck in his negotiations with the Nuncio expressly insisted upon the maintenance of the German ecclesiastical laws, but agreed that their interpretation should be subject to an understanding with the Vatican. A dispatch from Rome says Pope Leo and the Council of Cardinals have decided to accept Bismarck's proposals.

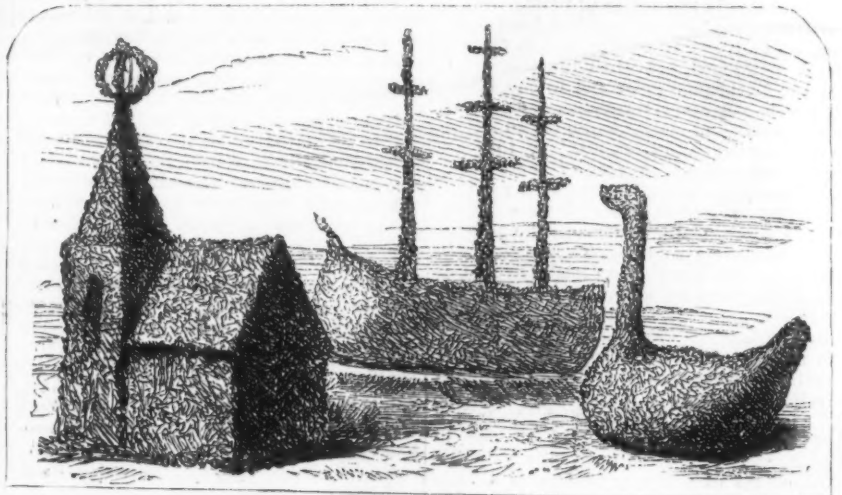
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 419.



ENGLAND.—RECEPTION OF LORDS BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY AT DOVER.



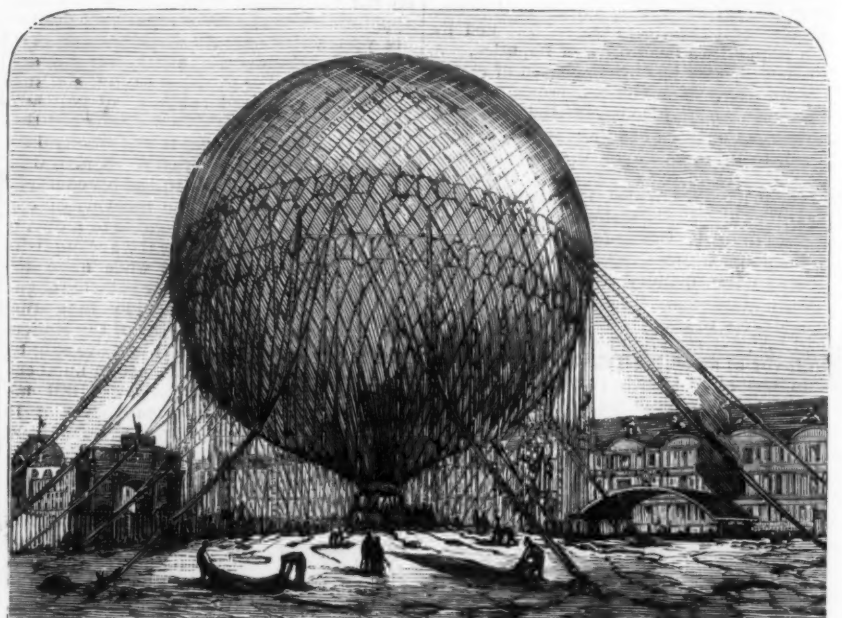
SPAIN.—OBSEQUIES OF QUEEN MERCEDES—THE FUNERAL TRAIN EN ROUTE TO THE ESCURIAL.



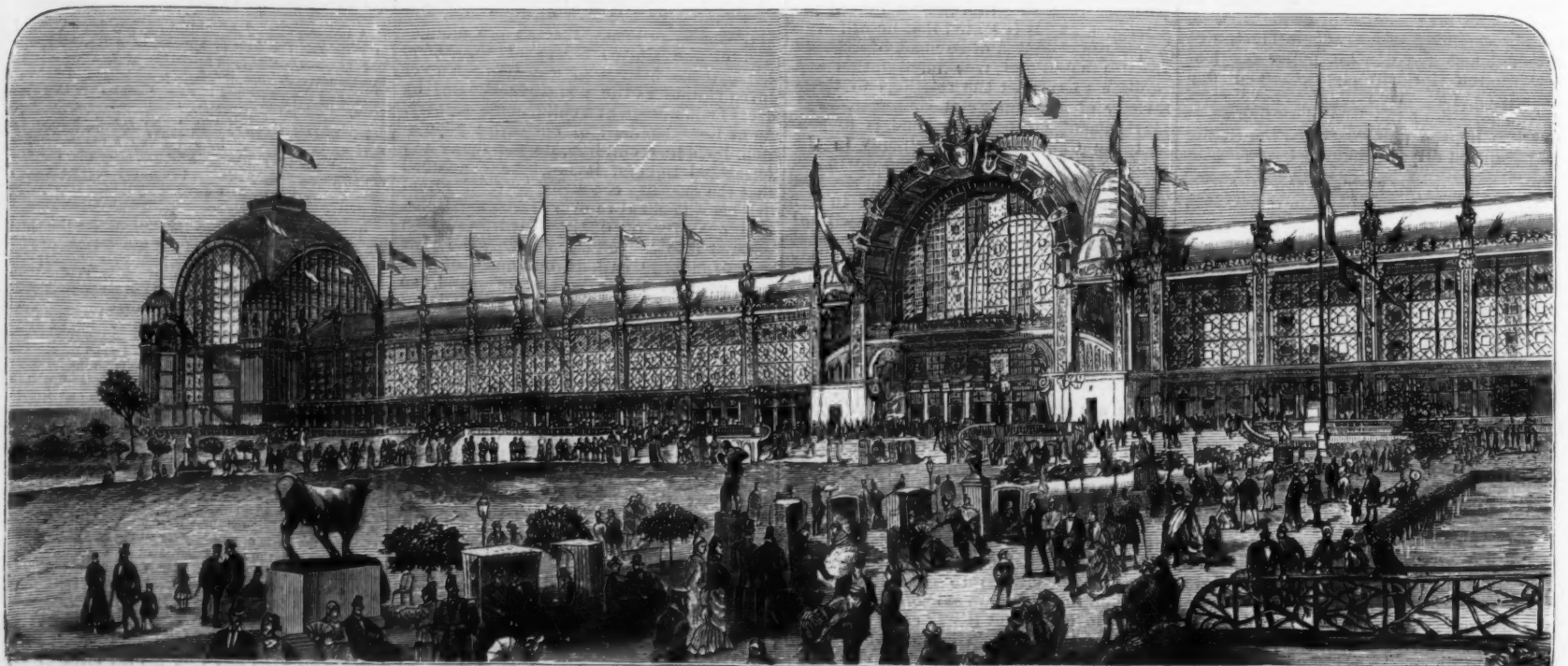
FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—BOX-TREES IN THE DUTCH GARDEN.



ENGLAND.—RECEPTION OF LORDS BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY AT LONDON.



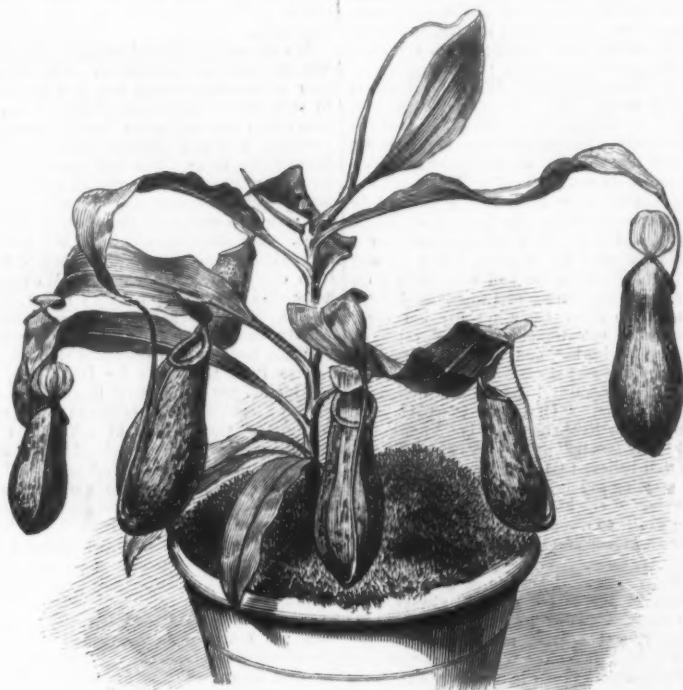
FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—A TEST INFLATION OF THE CAPTIVE BALLOON.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—FRONT VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDING IN THE CHAMP-DE-MARS.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON, the United States Minister to Austria, was born at Burlington, Vt., January 11th, 1822. He acquired the rudiments of his education in the public schools of his neighborhood, and when twenty years of age was graduated from the University of Vermont. Upon leaving this institution he determined to study law, and pursued a course of reading in Massachusetts; and after being admitted to practice, he removed to St. Louis, where he engaged in his profession until 1837, when he settled in Des Moines, Iowa. In the following year he was elected State Director in the organization of the State Bank of Iowa, and in the next was State Commissioner to investigate and report on the condition of the Executive Department of Iowa. About this time he was elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and in 1860 he was both a Delegate to the Chicago Convention and the representative of Iowa on the Platform Committee. Upon the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Kasson was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General, a position he occupied until the Fall of 1862, when he resigned to accept a nomination for Congress, but in the ensuing election was defeated. In 1863 he was appointed United States Commissioner to the International Postal Congress, held in Paris. On his return he was elected a member of the Thirty-eighth Congress, and at the close of that was chosen for the Thirty-ninth. In 1867 he visited Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland,



PRIZE PITCHER PLANT.—SEE PAGE 419.

Germany, Switzerland and Italy, as Commissioner on the part of the United States to negotiate postal connections, and succeeded in inducing all the Governments excepting that of France to sign the preliminary agreements. From 1868 to 1873 he served as a member of the General Assembly of Iowa, and was elected to the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses.

Soon after his accession President Hayes appointed Mr. Kasson United States Minister to Spain, but on account of the stand he had publicly taken in Congress upon the subject of Spanish atrocities in Cuba, he declined the portfolio, and was then given that of the Austrian mission.

GENERAL JAMES M. COMLY,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

GENERAL JAMES M. COMLY, United States Minister to the Sandwich Islands, was born in Perry County, Ohio, March 6th, 1832, and lived on a farm until he was ten years of age, at which time—his parents meeting with pecuniary reverses and moving further West—he went to Columbus, Ohio, and ever afterwards was solely dependent on his own efforts. At this early age he commenced to learn the printing business in the office of the *Cross and Journal*, a Baptist paper. At the end of about three years he entered the office of the *Ohio State Journal*. During the time he was learning the trade of a printer he attended school at intervals, obtaining the necessary means by working at night, and industriously embracing the opportunities offered by the State Library for profitable reading. He was assiduous in his studies, and graduated at the High School in 1849. He subsequently continued work as a

printer, without relaxation in his pursuit of knowledge in books. He studied law with the late Attorney-General Wolcott, and was employed by that officer in preparing the evidence in the noted Breslin-Gibson defalcation case in the State Treasury. He was admitted to the Bar in 1859, being specially examined and sworn in by Chief Justice Swan.

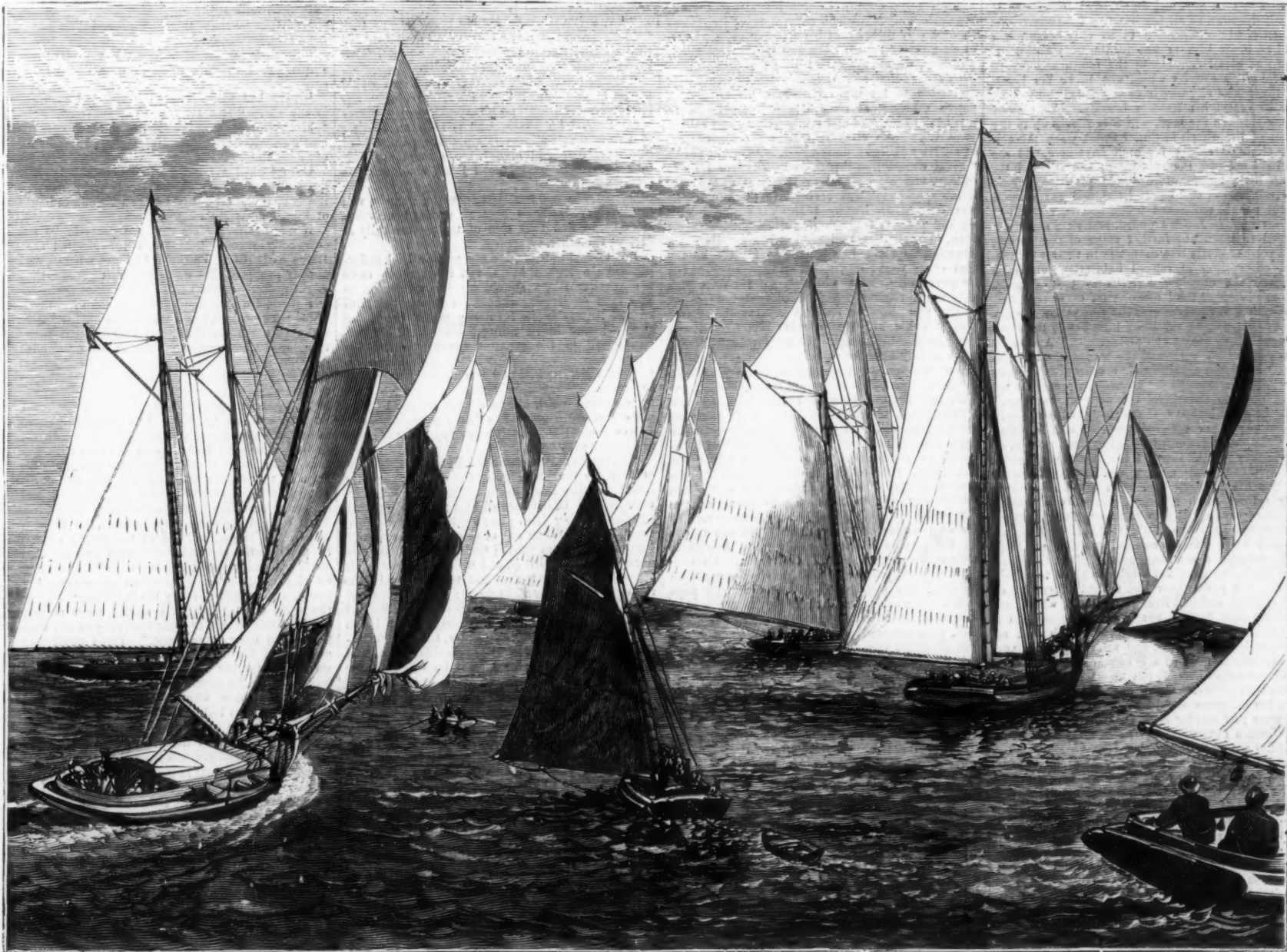
The breaking out of the civil war interrupted General Comly's legal pursuits. Very soon after the firing on Fort Sumter he enlisted as a private in an independent company, with a number of other men who afterwards became distinguished in the war for the Union, and was elected second-lieutenant. For two or three months the company guarded the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, an important artery, which was in danger of being cut by the raiders from West Virginia. Regularly entering the United States service in June, 1861, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-third Ohio Infantry in the month of August following. On the 31st of October of the same year, having begged of Governor Dennison a reduction in rank in consideration of being transferred to a regiment actually in the field, he was mustered as major of the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry, succeeding Major Hayes (now President of the United States), who had been promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He followed Hayes in the line of promotion, and the latter, always having a larger than a regimental command, Major Comly, successively promoted to lieutenant-colonel and colonel, commanded the Twenty-third in all of the many memorable fights in which it took such conspicuous and successful part, winning the rank of brevet brigadier-general.



HON. JOHN A. KASSON, U. S. MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.



GEN. JAMES M. COMLY, U. S. MINISTER TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.



NEW YORK.—ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON FROM GLEN COVE, L. I., AUGUST 7TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 419.

After the close of the war, General Comly resumed the practice of law in Columbus, but soon relinquished the opportunities presented in the legal profession for the inviting field of journalism, for which his education and tastes and readiness as a writer specially qualified him, becoming editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, and holding the position until his departure for the Sandwich Islands.

DIANA'S WELL.

REMEMBER so well how she looked the first time I ever saw her. She was standing on the platform of the dingy little Sugar Creek Station, and she was, or rather she might have been expected to be, travel-stained and worn. She wore a gray traveling-cloak and a gray hat; there was nothing to relieve the sombre plainness of her attire except a bit of a scarlet wing in her hat. And yet she was fairly dazzling—the rough, bare little place seemed glorified by her presence.

"A wild Irish girl," Uncle Jack had called her in the letter which announced her coming, and we had all conjured up numberless pictures of her before our mental visions, but I am sure not one that approached the reality. It is so hard to imagine anything like her! So hard even to describe her so that one can get a just idea of her looks. It is not that she was the most beautiful person I ever saw; indeed, Cousin Laura declared that "she had not a single pretty feature except her eyes," and when one came to analyze her face perhaps she had not; but that was just what one never thought of doing, the whole effect was so dazzling, so fascinating. Her coloring was so vivid, without a particle of coarseness; a clear, milky-white skin, with a deep carnation flush that went and came—who could notice that her nose was the least bit "tip-tilted"? And her eyes! They were "only blue," as Laura said, but so large, so deep, so sunny, so tender, and contrasted so charmingly, though so oddly, with her jet-black, waving hair. Her forehead may have been a trifle too high, and her mouth a bit too wide for beauty, but the whole expression was so beautiful, so radiant always, that one could not criticise unless one was, like Cousin Laura, a little soured by being plain and *passé*, and trying to cling desperately and vainly to the fair and fleeting dreams of girlhood.

"By Jove!" said Dick, when he saw her waiting at the station, and instantly began to pay attention to his gloves and necktie, and to be painfully struck by the dreadfully muddy and somewhat dilapidated condition of the carriage into which we were to receive our fair guest.

"She looks as if she were born to the purple. What will she think of us?" gasped I.

"If she is a sensible person, she will know that she cannot expect luxury and elegance in the oil-regions," said Laura. "But I can't say that she does look particularly like a sensible person. A dairy-maid complexion, and such a want of style, too!"

"Roses are her cheeks, and a rose her mouth," quoted Dick.

"And head set on maybe a lily, maybe June's crest!" added I.

And there was no time for the scorn that Cousin Laura wanted to heap upon us, for we had reached the platform.

She was as gay, and frank, and friendly as if she had known us all her life, this far-away cousin of ours, who was coming to us only because she had no other kith or kin in the wide world. If she was at all daunted by the rough and dreary aspect of the country which was to be her home, or the lack of elegance in us and our appointments, she concealed her feelings bravely. We plowed along through the mud, which is always up to the hubs of the wheels in Sugar Creek when there is the slightest excuse for mud anywhere, and she said she enjoyed the splashing; she admired the queer little houses of logs and plastering where the miners and mill-hands lived, and was amazed at the rough, unfinished frame-houses, which had grown up like Jonah's gourd, and were never expected to reach any further stage of completion, and yet had costly lace draperies in their windows, and other signs of refined habitation; she even admired the ungainly derricks of the oil-mills, which disfigured the landscape on every side, and she went into raptures over the tiny yellow streams that trickled down the black hills beside the road.

"It was all so quaint and picturesque," And as for the odor which perfumed the breeze, she thought that was rather agreeable than otherwise. Laura said that she thought it "required a peculiarly refined taste to appreciate the odor of kerosene," and our guest looked as if she thought Laura really meant to pay her a compliment. "She is either very simple and unused to ill-natured people, or she is very sharp," thought I. It was much more likely to be the latter, since she had lived nearly all her life in Paris, and been much in society. Her father, Allan Linscott, was only a distant cousin of papa's, but they had been brought up together, and were like brothers. Allan went abroad directly after leaving college, married an Irish lady, and died a few years after. He had wished that his infant daughter might be given to papa's charge, but her mother had wished otherwise, as was natural, and had lived on in Paris, where her husband died, having but a small income, but a gay and easy Irish temperament, which took no thought for the morrow, and after a year or two of widowhood married a French officer with even less means than herself, but an even larger stock of reckless jollity. When she died her wish was that her daughter should come to us at once, but we were just leaving New York then for the wilds of Western Pennsylvania. Papa, after numberless speculations and vicissitudes, consented to accept the position of superintendent of an iron company which had just failed—it was such a comfort to think that it couldn't fail the week after he took charge!—and to remove, with all his worldly goods, of which five daughters formed the chief part, to Sugar Creek, Pennsylvania—so called, we inferred, from the fact that there was no creek there and no sugar to be had within five miles. Of course papa's duties were merely nominal, since the dull times had necessitated the closing of the mills, to superintend the operations of a few miners who were still taking a little ore out of the mines, to keep the mines and the mills in repair, and to

look after some "oil territory" which was owned by the iron company, was the extent of his labors. I grieve to say that the salary was scarcely more than nominal also. But nothing so tame as a salary had any charms for papa's mind; it was the glorious field for speculation which the oil-regions afforded that had allured him. What did it matter that we had to turn our dresses, and darn even our boots, since we should soon be millionaires?—according to papa. But we had been living on the verge of great wealth for so long that our heads were not turned by our brilliant prospects.

We did not think it likely that a young lady who had spent most of her life in Paris would be contented with life in the oil-regions, and for a year we did not urge her coming, but at the end of that time her stepfather had married a wife who was exceedingly uncongenial to her, and there seemed to be no other home for her but ours. Uncle Jack, who was traveling abroad, came as far as Liverpool with her, and she made the rest of the long journey alone.

"No, I did not mind it," she said, in answer to a question of mine. "Of course it would have been pleasanter to have company, but I am never afraid and never lonely."

I could well believe that from her looks. And instead of seeming sad and bewildered and homesick, as I expected, she kept us all laughing at her merry jests until we reached home.

"Rather an excess of youthful spirits!" Laura said, scornfully, aside.

The children were all drawn up in a row in the hall to stare at her, as our children always will stare at strangers. Papa greeted her with his usual urbanity, and a great many fine speeches about our roughing it for the fun and excitement, and the great contrast to our luxurious life in New York, as if we were millionaires at present, instead of only in prospect, and she looked at him with her great, clear, blue eyes that looked as if they saw straight through everybody.

Mamma—dear, sweet little mamma, whose very look is a welcome to everybody, just pressed her hand, and said:

"You are not at all like your father, my dear."

"No; I am like my mother. I am every bit Irish," she said, gayly. I was sorry that she said this, mamma has such a prejudice against the Irish race, and especially against this girl's mother; and I was already so much in love with her that I wanted everybody else to be so, too. She looked even more beautiful when she came down-stairs with her traveling wraps removed, and a black silk dress on, very plain, but made as they make dresses only in Paris, showing to the greatest advantage the perfect symmetry of her figure. Tall and stately and well-developed was she, for eighteen, and her name, Diana, suited her exactly; of course papa told her so with great effusion. Dick seemed preoccupied, and left the conversation to the others, as he usually did; but I saw him looking askance at her a great many times, and occasionally tugging away at the ends of his mustache, as if he were trying to improve his looks. When Dick's vanity was awakened he always turned his attention to his mustache; it was remarkably long and silky, and Dick looked upon it as a *chef-d'œuvre* of nature. Truly the dear boy had not a great deal of beauty to pride himself upon, though he was big and strong and manly-looking; but as a general thing he seemed to care very little about his appearance, not being at all a ladies' man. Slow and steady, and rather plodding, we always called Dick; not an atom of papa's sanguine and visionary temperament had descended to his son. He shook his head at all papa's schemes, as regardless of oil-wells as he had been of railroad and mining stock, and calmly went his way as clerk in the "piper line office" at twelve hundred dollars a year. At one of papa's "great expectations" periods he had sent Dick to college, and after a year or two, just as the poor fellow's ambition was aroused to the utmost, he was obliged to leave. I think he would have worked his way through if we had not been, just then, in such desperate need at home. He got a situation as clerk in a bank, and all the money that other young men spend on their amusements he gave to his mother and sisters. He went with us to the oil-regions, though he disapproved entirely of the plan, because mamma cried and declared that it would kill her to leave him behind, and there he plodded along in the same old way, giving to us girls all the finery we had, and never thinking of himself. I am afraid we had almost come to think that Dick never wanted anything himself; and I know we sighed that Dick was not very brilliant, and was not likely to do anything great in the world. I suppose the contempt which papa always manifested for Dick's abilities influenced us unconsciously. If he only had a son like Hugh Fairfield he should be happy, he was always saying. Hugh Fairfield was a Western young man, with a talent for business; he was not yet thirty, and he had already become rich by his own energy and shrewdness. He was in the oil business in Chicago, and had an interest in some oil-territory here in Pennsylvania. His ventures always prospered, and papa's were always failures; how could we help agreeing with papa that there was such a thing as luck in the world? But, so far from being envious of Hugh Fairfield's luck, papa admired and liked him extremely, and was evidently very well pleased when he began to pay marked attention to Dora. Dora was our eldest, and the beauty of the family. To my surprise, Dick liked Hugh Fairfield; though they were so utterly unlike they became fast friends, and though we all had so poor an opinion of Dick, we almost unconsciously felt greater confidence in Hugh Fairfield because Dick approved of him.

Hugh came in on the night of Diana's arrival, as he had a way of doing almost every evening, and he seemed as much struck by her appearance as we were. Her brilliant beauty cast poor little Dora's pink-and-white prettiness (like a Dresden china shepherdess) entirely into the shade. I saw a spasm of jealous pain contract Dora's face even on that first evening, as Hugh Fairfield sat and gazed at Diana, apparently having no eyes nor ears for anybody but her. I felt sure that Dora loved him, and perhaps he had only a fancy for her, which was to fade away like a shadow "in the light of deeper eyes." It was not at all to be wondered at that Diana should fascinate any man with her gayety and *insouciance*, and her wit, which was without a touch of sharpness.

We learned all about her affairs at once, for she was as frank as the daylight. She was almost as poor as we were, having only just income enough to support her very economically, but she made merry over the turning of her old gowns, and the thousand and one little makeshifts which were heavy trials to us. She had not found her stepfather's relatives very congenial, and her liberty-loving and unconventional disposition had found the restraints that were placed about her very irksome. She thoroughly enjoyed the perfect freedom which American customs and our absence from civilization made possible. We possessed no horse that was fit for a lady's riding, but Diana seemed perfectly happy when she was scouring the country, mounted on our bony old Pegasus. Hugh Fairfield had been in the habit of often bringing a horse from the stable for Dora's use, when he had invited her to ride with him, and he now frequently extended this attention to Diana and me—asking me that he might ask Diana without exciting remark, I suspected. If Dora suspected it also, she made no sign—but then she had pride enough to keep her from showing any such feeling.

Dick never seemed to have much to say to Diana, but I noticed that he always heard her voice, whoever else might be speaking, and his eyes were always following her, wherever she went. It did not seem to fancy him, at all—at least she was much less frank and merry with him than with the half-dozen other young men who were always hanging about her. With Hugh Fairfield she kept up a continuous fire of jest and repartee. Dora, who was shy and reserved, and had set Hugh up on a very lofty pedestal in her mind, was amazed that anybody should dare to be so saucy to him, and pained, poor child, to see how much he liked what was so entirely out of her power to do.

I finally decided that Hugh Fairfield, being an honorable man, felt himself committed to Dora beyond recall, but had fallen in love with Diana, and had not sufficient strength of mind to conceal it from her. What Diana felt for anybody would never be easy to tell, I knew; as frank as she was, she would never carry her heart on her sleeve. But after a while I became convinced that she was in love with Hugh Fairfield, and trying, in a sly way, to win his allegiance from Dora; and of course my admiration and affection for her grew cold.

We went to a picnic at Kirby Farms, eighteen miles away, on a beautiful day late in June. There was a carriage-load of us, and Diana and Dora and Hugh Fairfield and Dick on horseback. Dora was in high spirits when we set out, Hugh riding by her side, apparently entirely oblivious of Diana. Dick devoted himself to Diana as I had never seen him devote himself to any young woman before. Mamma, who had been beguiled into going with us, contrary to her usual custom, turned to me with an anxious whisper:

"Dick is falling in love with her, and it will be his ruin! Oh, I wish she had never come here!"

"The idea of Dick falling in love! It is too ridiculous!" laughed I.

"Can't you see it? He has eyes and ears only for her. And they have scarcely a penny between them! Dick mustn't marry unless he marries an heiress," said poor mamma, excitedly.

"Marry! you don't suppose that Diana would marry him?" gasped I. "Poor, dear, ugly, uninteresting old Dick—no girl would want to marry him, least of all Diana, who is such an admirer of beauty that ugliness is a positive pain to her! She likes ease and luxury, too, though she does take poverty so gayly, and I think she means to marry a rich man."

"Then she is a heartless coquette, and she will break my poor boy's heart!" groaned mamma, seeming to find that side of the picture fully as dark as the other.

But I could not imagine our prosaic Dick suffering from a broken heart, and I felt much more willing that Diana should try her wiles on him than on Hugh Fairfield. She was beautiful enough that day to turn any man's head; her closely fitting black riding-habit set off her perfect figure to the greatest advantage; and her "rose-in-the-snow" complexion came out wonderfully in contrast with all the dead black which she wore. She was in radiant spirits, too, even more so than usual, but poor Dick seemed to grow more and more gloomy as her gayety increased. It was evident that the foolish boy was becoming infatuated with her.

Charley Patterson and Fred Kenwick, neighbors of ours (as neighbors go in the oil-regions—they lived four miles away) and satellites of Diana, overtook us, and Diana rode on at a wild gallop with Charley, leaving Dick gnawing his mustache furiously, always his one way of showing anger. Hugh Fairfield and Dora started their horses up as if in pursuit of the fugitives, and we all followed their example, and when we all got together again the riders had all changed partners; our carriage had come up latest; and I could not tell whose had been the first move in that direction, but now Hugh Fairfield and Diana were together, Charley Patterson and Fred Kenwick were beside Dora, and Dick was riding on ahead, as if he had no other aim in life than to reach the picnic-grounds.

Dora, riding close beside the carriage, turned a radiant face upon me, and gave my hand such a squeeze as I wouldn't have believed her tiny fingers capable of.

"Oh! I am so happy, Beth, that I can't help showing it! He does love me—he told me so—and I am going to be his wife!"

Of course "he" meant Hugh Fairfield. My first feeling was one of delight (Dora was so happy), and of regret that I had misjudged him. But the next moment, as I looked at him, riding by Diana's side, his gaze bent fixedly upon her, as she looked up into his eyes, and conversing in such low, confidential tones, I could not prevent a doubt from stealing in upon my happiness. But it was evident that it would take much more than that to disturb Dora's peace of mind now. Her trust in him was absolute. She laughed outright

as she saw the troubled gaze which I fixed upon Diana and Hugh Fairfield.

"You are such a ridiculously suspicious old thing, Beth!" she said, merrily. "If you had a lover yourself, you would want to blindfold him so that he could not look at any other young woman!"

"Who cried herself to sleep the night that Hugh Fairfield took Diana to Millerstown?" retorted I. But I repented having said it the next moment, for a faint shadow *did* cross Dora's face, but only to vanish the next moment.

"Of course he admires Diana—who could help it?—and enjoys her society, she is so bright and witty!" here Dora heaved a little sigh; "but he never really cared for anybody but me in his life!"

And as Dora's cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled, I thought that she fairly outshone Diana in beauty.

But there was Hugh Fairfield bending devotedly over Diana, and looking into her face in a way which I did not like.

The grove at Kirby Farms was the perfection of a sylvan retreat; if the lake was rather small, it was as round as a bowl and as clear as crystal, and if the tiny skiffs in which we paddled about got entangled in the lilies and tipped us out, there was no danger of drowning.

We had a large platform for dancing, and the best music procurable—we do nothing by halves in the oil-regions—and we were all indefatigable dancers. Diana was usually utterly tireless at that exercise, but to-day she seemed restless and discontented with everything. It was too warm to dance, she said; the sun was too hot for rowing. She sat for a while in a swing, lazily moving herself to and fro, while Charley Patterson lay on the grass at her feet and told her blood-curdling ghost stories, of which she evidently heard only now and then a word. Then she insisted upon rowing herself, alone, around the little lake, and fairly distanced Charley Patterson, who was doing his best in a boat of the same size.

"It is because I am nervous and excited that I have so much strength," she said to me. "My wrists are like steel!"

But what was the cause of her strange mood she did not tell me. Perhaps I was "a suspicious old thing," as Dora said, for I could not help keeping a sort of watch over Diana and Hugh Fairfield. Her eyes were continually seeking his, and now and then I saw a look of intelligence pass between them—a sort of questioning on her part and answering on his—or so I fancied it. But he seemed very devoted to Dora, and she was radiant with happiness. I began to despise myself for playing the part of spy, and tried to convince myself that my foolish fancy was magnifying trifles which amounted to nothing. So I resolved to attend to my own enjoyment, and leave Diana and Hugh Fairfield to their own devices. In accordance with this resolve, I was dancing in utter obliviousness to everything but the pleasure of the waltz, when I heard some one asking for Diana. The inquiry was repeated from one to another, and nobody seemed able to answer it; one thing was sure, Diana had disappeared. Perhaps nobody but me thought of looking at once for Hugh Fairfield, but I did look and in vain. I kept silence, but very soon I heard Charley Patterson say, sulkily:

"Fairfield has gone, too. I dare say they have only gone for a stroll."

But when we came to look we found their horses gone also.

"Started for home before us—a pretty little surprise of Fairfield's getting up," growled Dick, savagely.

"Very bad taste, indeed," whispered mamma, in my ear. "But I am glad it is Hugh Fairfield instead of Dick!" Mamma was always too much absorbed in her son to have any thought for her daughters.

Dora looked a little pale and troubled for a moment, but met my gaze brightly and defiantly; it was as if she said, "If I have a shadow of doubt of him, nobody shall know."

It was not long after that the party broke up, everybody seemed to take it for granted that Diana and Hugh Fairfield had gone home, and nobody proposed that we should wait because they might possibly rejoin us.

But when we reached home they were not there. I was not surprised, but I was a little uneasy. Dora was very much surprised, and insisted that something must have happened to them; but I reminded her that they had never been in the habit of returning early when they went to ride together—not that I liked to make the poor child unhappy—but I wished to prepare her for the blow which I felt sure was coming. None of us thought of going to bed; the long hours until midnight we wore away as best we could; Dora lay on the sofa with her face buried in the cushions, but rose now and then to go to the window and peer out into the darkness. Dick had locked himself into his room, and we could hear him pacing uneasily to and fro. Papa uttered explosive remarks upon the folly of womankind in general, and of this young woman in particular. Mamma was deeply grieved that anything which would excite so much remark as an elopement should have taken place from our house, and wondered every ten minutes, "why in the world they should have eloped, since nobody would have objected to their marrying at any time that suited their convenience." But I think that mamma, in her heart, was so thankful that Dick was in no further danger, that she was ready to forgive Diana for anything.

"I don't know why we are sitting up," said Cousin Laura, at last. "We shall see nothing of them. They are probably in Pittsburgh by this time. If you had only listened to me I could have told you what that girl was from the beginning!"

Just at that moment in through the open French window rushed Diana, breathless, radiant, laughing and crying together. Behind her came Hugh Fairfield looking somewhat sheepish.

"Diana, what have you been doing?" said mamma, severely.

"Striking oil, aunt dear—striking oil! I had a forewarning—you know it's in my Irish blood. When we were coming by a rocky old pasture near Millerstown, one day, something whispered to me, 'There's oil there—there's a mine of money there!' When I told Dick, he only laughed at me, but Mr. Fairfield helped me, and kept my secret,

and, Dora, dear, it's not a portionless bride that he shall have! Why, Diana's Well is the wonder of the country, and we are all rich! Oh, Dick, Dick!" rushing up to him with both hands outstretched as he stood in the door, "I told you that you never should have me for a wife till I was sure I shouldn't be a burden on you! But you didn't trust me—oh Dick, you didn't trust me!"

Well, she was so excited, that of course Hugh Fairfield had to tell the story. And it was really true that Diana had invested her little all in a few acres of ground, which showed, according to experts, not the slightest trace of oil, and had made her fortune. The trips which she and Hugh had taken together had always been to that place, and to-day the great news of a wonderful flow of oil had so excited Diana that she had insisted upon his leaving the picnic to go and see.

Hugh Fairfield was standing beside Dora, looking down earnestly into her eyes.

"I didn't doubt you, Hugh! Beth will tell you that I didn't," she said, eagerly.

"But Dick was fearfully jealous of me—weren't you, Dick?"—just as if he ever could think that anybody in the world could hold a candle to you, even if you are such a dear old slow coach, and have such a horror of oil-wells!" said Diana.

"Dick!" murmured mamma, in amazement; "but then, of course, if she's rich it is a different thing!"

To think that Diana could be in love with our homely, stupid old Dick! and how like an enraptured idiot Dick did look with her head on his shoulder!

"My dear child, I am proud and happy to welcome you as a daughter!" said papa, in his blandest and breeziest manner. "And I shall always say that for practical common sense there is nothing like a wild Irish girl!"

"And yet you know that ninety-nine times out of a hundred she would have thrown away her money!" said Dick, characteristically.

THE PITCHER PLANT.

At the recent Exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, at Gilmore's Garden, in this city, the attention of visitors was attracted by a number of rare and beautiful plants. Among them was an *Oncocladia fanestralis*, or lattice plant, of Madagascar. This flower is grown entirely beneath the surface of the water, the part in which it is rooted being sunk in a wide glass tank. Looked at from below, it is seen to have long narrow leaves, the fibres of which are set in regular lattice-like lines, with spaces between connected only by a gauzy film. The plant is very difficult to raise in perfection, needing constant care. There were also several fine East India Pitcher Plants, seedling *nepenthes*, raised by Mr. W. J. Luch, of South Amboy, N. J. The Pitcher Plants of the genus *nepenthes* are half shrubby, with prostrate or trailing stems; the female flowers have a three or four-cornered ovary, with as many cells, the numerous ovules in which ripen with elongated seeds with a very long, loose, membranous coat. The alternate leaves have the petiole winged at the base; above this wing the midrib is greatly prolonged, curved or spirally twisted, and at the end expanded into an urn or pitcher, the mouth of which is furnished with a lid attached by a sort of hinge, and is sometimes open and sometimes closed; the lid does not open until the leaf is completely developed, and before this takes place the watery liquid is secreted and partly fills the pitcher.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE New York Yacht Club rendezvoused at Glen Cove, on the evening of August 6th, for its annual cruise, the harbor presenting a scene of great animation as the yachts sailed gayly in. Early on the following morning, just as the sun, rising above the tree-tops of the high eastern bluffs, touched the lofty topsails with crimson, the gun gave the signal to be off. Within thirty seconds after the firing of the gun the yachts were slipping swiftly along before a brisk westerly breeze, with the tide just on the turn of the ebb. The big schooners flung out balloon jib topsails and immense main staysails, but the smaller ones had the best of them with what wind there was, and the little white sloop *Vixen* quickly led the fleet, with the double-hulled *Nerida* in her wake. The *Intrepid* got away close behind the *Clytie*, and then came the *Estelle*, *Dreadnaught*, *Restless*, *Olio*, *Volante* and *Madeleine*. The *Vision*, *Active* and *Rambler* brought up the rear. As the yachts passed by the point their sails, lit by the rays of the sun as it appeared above the hills at the east, presented one of the most beautiful marine pictures imaginable. There were, however, but few spectators, and these confined to some half-dozen of the villagers.

The course of the cruise for the 7th was from Glen Cove to Shelter Island, which was reached late in the afternoon, the yachts anchoring in the following order: *Columbia*, 5:02 P.M.; *Clytie*, 5:07; *Dreadnaught*, 5:11; *Rambler*, 5:13; *Intrepid*, 5:13; *Madeleine*, 5:18; *Vision*, 5:21; *Olio*, 5:23; *Volante*, 5:30; *Peam*, 5:34; *Active*, 5:43; *Estelle*, 5:51; *Restless*, 5:57.

The fleet remained at Shelter Island until Thursday, and proceeded thence to New London Harbor, where the gig and dingy races were started. The programme of the cruise contemplated an absence of at least ten days.

Cyprus as a Naval Station.

THERE are many jolly yachtsmen in the House of Commons who have cruised up and down the Mediterranean, and when the session of Cyprus was announced, they knew before the Ministry suspected it that there was not a harbor on the island. Sir Alexander Gordon asked would the Government place a chart in the library showing the harbors of Cyprus. At this there was a titter. Mr. Egerton quite cheerfully, and as if he did not see the trap, replied that a chart had already been hung in the reading-room. Then Sir Julian Goldsmid let the cat out of the bag completely: "Will the honorable gentleman say that there is any harbor at all in the island?" This time there was a round of laughter and cheers. Mr. Egerton had to admit that, as he put it, "technically," there was no harbor; but he added (in doleful apologetic tones), "there are three good anchorages, from which it is always easy to land." A shout of "Not so, not so," from Mediterranean yachtsmen, right and left of the Chair, followed by renewed

peals of laughter and cheering, completed the discomfiture of the Treasury bench. A harbor can be made, however, at a cost of from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. It is alleged that the immediate outlay on Cyprus, in order to effect the Government plans as to its fortification, will be about \$15,000,000, and that the cost of its military occupation alone will be over \$5,000,000 a year. An island without a single available harbor will make a queer naval station.

Alfonso at the Escorial.

NO FITTER abode could be imagined for sorrow than the Palace of the Escorial. Its long galleries are silent, and its courts are much like the interior of a monastery. Its gardens and terraces have a sort of Dutch regularity and sameness in their well-cut plants and neat alleys. The view from these terraces extends over the bare and rugged plain below, and across the lofty sierra behind. All over the place hangs a stillness which is only disturbed by the shrill whistle of a passing train or by the tolling of the convent bell. At early dawn this bell awakens King Alfonso, who rises as early as 5:30, when the sun is already high on the horizon in this country. His Majesty descends alone to the church, and hears Mass every day in the chapel where lie the remains of his beloved queen. He kneels on the marble pavement in prayer, while one of the aged chaplains recites prayers before that marble monument wherein are entombed his dream of happiness, his illusions, his first love. Often when he rises to depart tears are on the face of the young sovereign, and he generally asks to be left alone for this first hour of a long day devoted to the cares of state, even in the Escorial. At nine in the morning the Princess of Asturias, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and the Infanta Christina also hear Mass in the same chapel. After Mass, King Alfonso strolls alone in the gardens until his secretary, Count Morphy, joins him, about nine. They work and read together until midday, when Alfonso XII. breakfasts with the princess and the Montpensiers. After his meal the members of the military household assemble to receive His Majesty's commands for the day, and he chats with Generals Echague and O'Ryan before he retires, like most of his subjects, to his daily *siesta*. In the afternoon he gives audience to his Ministers, and rides out in the evening with the Duke of Montpensier. Very little change has been made in the Escorial for the royal family. By His Majesty's express order, great simplicity is observed in all the arrangements of the royal apartments. His halberdiers and the squadron of horse-guards do duty within the palace. The garrison of the town is composed of some infantry and artillery.

Diagnosis by Telegraph.

RECORDING pulse-beats by telegraph is a feat recently accomplished by Doctor Upham, who, in a lecture delivered in Salem, Mass., by telegraphic communication with the Boston City Hospital, exhibited the phenomenon in question by throwing a beam of light upon the wall of the lecture-room, which vibrated in unison with the exciting cause. A similar exhibition was made during the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Salem, Mass., in 1874, the different beats of the pulses of various patients in the Boston City Hospital being made audible to a large audience by the clicking of the telegraph. The difference of the pulses in patients laboring under attacks of pneumonia, phthisis, fever and ague, etc., was quite marked, and perfectly satisfactory to give data by which to recognize disease. By aid of modern appliances the pulsations can not only be projected on a screen, to be studied by an audience, but can be permanently photographed for preservation and comparison. Light, electricity, and photography are thus employed in the diagnosis of disease—if we add the telephone it will be possible to treat patients at any distance.

A Town on Wheels.

GARLAND, Colorado, is a town on wheels; whenever the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad finishes a section of road the town moves; to the end of the line. The people of Garland are determined to live at the end of the narrow-gauge, no matter where it takes them. As the line will be extended to Alamosa next week, the festive Garlanders are now preparing to pack up and move—or dust, as they put it. The houses are being taken down in sections, and in a week or ten days the present site of Garland will be deserted both by friend and foe. Garland was built in a week, and at one time had about 1,000 inhabitants. It is a healthy place; it was located about one year ago, and there have been but seven deaths. So you see there are few that die, but when they do die they die suddenly. The cemetery on the hill contains seven graves, and we climbed the steep declivity in the early morning to inspect it. One is the grave of a wee babe, whose little lamp of life went out after an existence of two months. The second is that of an aged man, "the Judge," as he was familiarly called, who died a natural death. The remainder met with violent deaths; one was hanged by the vigilance committee, and four were shot dead in the saloons.

Savings Banks.

THE oldest savings bank in Europe is that at Hamburg, which was founded in 1778 by a philanthropic society. The earliest in England was the friendly society for the benefit of women and children, established at Tottenham in 1798 by Miss Priscilla Wakefield. Here and there throughout Europe other savings banks were formed, till in 1817 the movement had attained sufficient importance in England to call forth special legislation. Since then the progress of savings banks may conveniently be marked off into three periods—the first ending in 1848, the second in 1861, when the Post-office Savings Bank was established in England, and the third with the most recent date to which information can be brought down. Taking the nearest convenient point to these three dates, gives for Great Britain and Ireland, £30,000,000, £41,000,000 and £64,000,000 sterling; for France, £15,000,000, £13,000,000, and £23,000,000; for Italy, £1,000,000, £13,000,000, and £21,000,000; for Prussia, £2,000,000, £7,000,000, and £49,000,000. If to these are added deposits in Austria, amounting, by the last returns, to £54,000,000; Hungary, £15,000,000; Saxony, £11,000,000; Denmark, £10,000,000; Switzerland, £11,000,000; the State of New York, £64,000,000;

New England States, £64,000,000; California, £15,000,000; and smaller sums in other countries and States, we obtain a total of about £450,000,000 sterling—a remarkable aggregate of deposits, when it is considered that the savings bank is only one form, and that the simplest, of provident investment.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Reception of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury in London.

Whatever may be the verdict of posterity upon the share taken by the British Plenipotentiaries in the treaty of Berlin, there can be no doubt that the manner in which Earl Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury were welcomed back to England will be recorded in the pages of history as a proof that their efforts were appreciated by a grateful nation. There had been a preliminary reception at Dover, where the Mayor and the chiefs of several provincial Conservative Associations met the Ambassadors on landing, and a congratulatory address was presented and responded to, but this was as nothing to the triumph which awaited them in the metropolis. Charing Cross Station, or, at least, that portion of it into which the special train would run, had been transformed into a huge conservatory, the platform, lamp-posts, and rafters being profusely decorated with choice flowers and plants, interspersed with flags and trophies; and upon a number of raised seats were assembled a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen of social and political distinction, while outside the station, in the Strand, Trafalgar Square, and Whitehall, the expectant crowd thronged the roadway and pavement, eagerly awaiting the advent of the hero of the hour. The train arrived punctually, and the Premier, on alighting, was received by Lord Henry Lennox, and was quickly surrounded by his colleagues in the Cabinet, and other statesmen, members of both Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, and a number of ladies, all pressing forward for the honor of shaking hands with him; the rest of the spectators meanwhile gave vent to their enthusiasm by repeated cheering. After the first greetings and congratulations were over, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury took their seats in an open carriage, with the Marchioness of Abergheny and Lady Northcote; Lady Salisbury, and her son, Lord Cranborne, following in another open carriage, and Mr. Montagu Corry, the Prime Minister's private secretary, in a third. No sooner did the vehicles make their appearance outside the station than a roar of applause ascended from the crowded street, and a perfect shower of bouquets came from the windows of the houses on either side, every window of which was full of spectators. The cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs was continued all along the short line of route to the official residence of the Prime Minister, and after they had alighted and disappeared within doors the shouting and cheering was kept up with equal vigor until at length Lord Beaconsfield was seen at the window of his drawing-room, when there was a fresh burst of applause, and he had to wait some time before sufficient silence was restored to enable him to make his acknowledgments.

Obsequies of the Queen of Spain.

The death of the newly made bride, the unfortunate young Queen of Spain, is too recent to have lost the interest it excited. Our present illustration of this great calamity to the Spanish nation shows the transit of the train that bore the remains from Madrid to the gloomy Escorial. There, within the ancient building, is a church containing seventeen chapels, and beneath the high altar is a huge mausoleum in which repose the remains of all deceased sovereigns of Spain, since the time of Charles V., who have died with living issue. By a curious and repulsive custom the bodies of kings, queens and princes who die without issue are received, like all others, by the custodian of the palace, and after the performance of formal ceremonies, are placed in another apartment, and there left to decay, the bones being gathered and deposited in memorial urns. Shortly after the remains of his bride were taken to this place, King Alfonso, with the parents of the late Queen, and a suitable retinue, took up quarters in the palace, the sovereigns undergoing extraordinary religious observances, and giving painful exhibition of his almost overwhelming grief. All his time not required by the transaction of state business is devoted to mourning for his "first, his only love."

The Paris Exhibition—Front View of the Main Building.

The Main Building, or Palace of the Exhibition, in the Champ de Mars, has a grand facade, raised above a prolonged terrace, with several approaches by steps, protected by curving balustrades, which presents a central arched nave, of superior dimensions, with transepts extending far to the right and left, each terminated by a domed tower of four arched sides, which is supported by angle-buttresses. This is the general form of the edifice, while its aspect is further relieved by the series of perpendicular external beams, surmounted with decorative cornices and flags, rising at certain intervals along the front elevation. The lines of the central structure are boldly defined, its great arch being deeply recessed and crossed by a transverse balcony above the numerous small doorways, with side openings which give a view of the staircases inside, and with huge scroll-shaped buttresses upholding the balcony; while the upper part of the arch is ornamented with escutcheons, and with the initials of the "République Française," supported by winged seraphs, at the summit of all. In the grounds on this side of the Exhibition Palace, along the broad gravelled paths which cannot easily be overcrowded, there is ample space for a promenade in the fresh air; or a brief repose of body and mind can be enjoyed in the comfortable seats, covered with basket-work to form a portable alcove or summer-house, which are placed for the accommodation of weary visitors to the Exhibition.

In the Dutch Garden.

The little plot of ground known as the Dutch Garden is mainly noticeable for the quaint shapes in which the miniature box-trees are cut—three mated frigates, geese and churches being the most favorite models.

The Captive Balloon.

During the past few weeks the Parisian public has gathered in throngs on the Place de Carrousel to gaze at the colossal sphere presented to their astonished view. The wonderful colossus is so huge in its dimensions that everything surrounding it is dwarfed by the comparison. The facade of the Louvre becomes children's toys, the buildings are transformed into dolls' houses, the workmen who swarm over the netting are but ants. Since the day when Montgolfier first excited the wonder of the public, no balloon equaling this has appeared. Nadar's "Giant," which excited so much astonishment, and which was looked upon as a marvel in aerial art, held but 18,000 cubic feet of gas. Four "Giants" could be emptied into "Le Ballon Captif," and it would not yet be full, as it holds 75,000 cubic feet. Not only in size does this monster surpass all others, but also in the workmanship of its construction. The greatest care has been taken to render it all that could be desired, and it now forms one of the important attractions of the present Exposition.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are 2,243 shops opened for Sunday trading in the pious city of Glasgow.

—EVERYBODY in Paris is whistling or humming the "Trio des Cigarettes," from Flotow's new opera.

—TWO ATTEMPTS have been made to burn the house of the clergyman who preached to the Montreal Orangemen on the 12th of July.

—THE London Fire Brigade was called out 1,708 times during 1877; out of these 106 times were false alarms, 69 were chimney fires, and only 159 resulted in serious damage.

—THE use of steam on street railroads is expressly provided for in several Bills lately passed by the British Legislature. The speed is limited to eight miles in towns, and ten in the country.

—THE physical development exhibited by the university students in Scotland has been ascertained by Scotch professors to belong in the first degree to the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster accustomed to feed on oatmeal. Englishmen, not given to the porridge, rank far below in measurement.

—ALL the members of the Congress left their photographs at Berlin, with their signatures attached. These photographs are to form an album, which will be deposited in the Marienkirche's Museum, where the table of the Congress will also be preserved.

—THERE is a sensation among those in charge of London parochial charities, whose income is considerable and has been misappropriated in many instances, as the Government has determined to appoint a commission to inquire into their administration.

—ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for another grand international six days' walking match for \$1,000 and the championship of the world. A separate track is to be laid for American pedestrians in Islington Hall, London, where the tournament is to take place.

—AFTER remaining closed for 1,800 years, the theatre at Pompeii has been re-opened with a representation of "La Figlia del Reggimento." The new manager, Signor Lugni, solicits a continuance of the favor bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius.

—THE basin of the Danube contains, according to estimate, some 270,000 square miles. The distance from its source to its mouth in an air line is estimated at 1,000 miles, but the stream is so tortuous that its actual length is 1,820 miles, and it traverses nearly 22 degs. of longitude and 5½ degs. of latitude.

—THE London and Brighton Railway has introduced what one of the big London dailies calls, on its editorial page, "an admirable novelty." During the Summer, at three stations on its road, attendants will pass along the platform whenever a train stops and serve the passengers with ice-water at a penny a glass.

—MUCH litigation is likely to grow out of the mill explosion in Minneapolis. The insurance companies refuse to pay for the whole damage, on the ground that they are liable only for the actual loss by fire; but the mill-owners hold that the fire caused the explosion, and that, therefore, the entire loss was in consequence of fire.

—HAND torpedoes are the latest instruments of destruction devised for the British navy. They consist of gun cotton "pulped and compressed into a ball." This is attached to a long cord, through which the torpedo is exploded, with a force sufficient to shatter a five-ton block of granite when it has been pitched into position.

—It is stated that there will be four thousand invitations issued on the occasion of the anniversary of M. Thiers's death on the 3d September. A place will be reserved in the nave of Notre Dame Cathedral for each of the deputations, representing the twenty-five departments, by whom M. Thiers was elected on the 8th February, 1871.

—THE little Republic of Switzerland has an army of 120,000, organized in eight divisions. There are 94,000 infantry, 16,500 artillery, 2,500 engineers, 2,700 sanitary force and 2,000 cavalry. Besides this, which is called the *déte* army, there is a landwehr of 92,000 men. What Switzerland does with all this military force does not appear.

—THE Jews have been long well treated in Paris. Visitors to the Exposition found the military that attended at the opening under command of a Jew. The army has three Jewish Generals, there are two Jewish Prefects, and the presiding officer of the Court of Appeals is of the same extraction. There are Jewish synagogues that Roman Catholics have built, and the Government contributes largely to the support of Jewish schools.

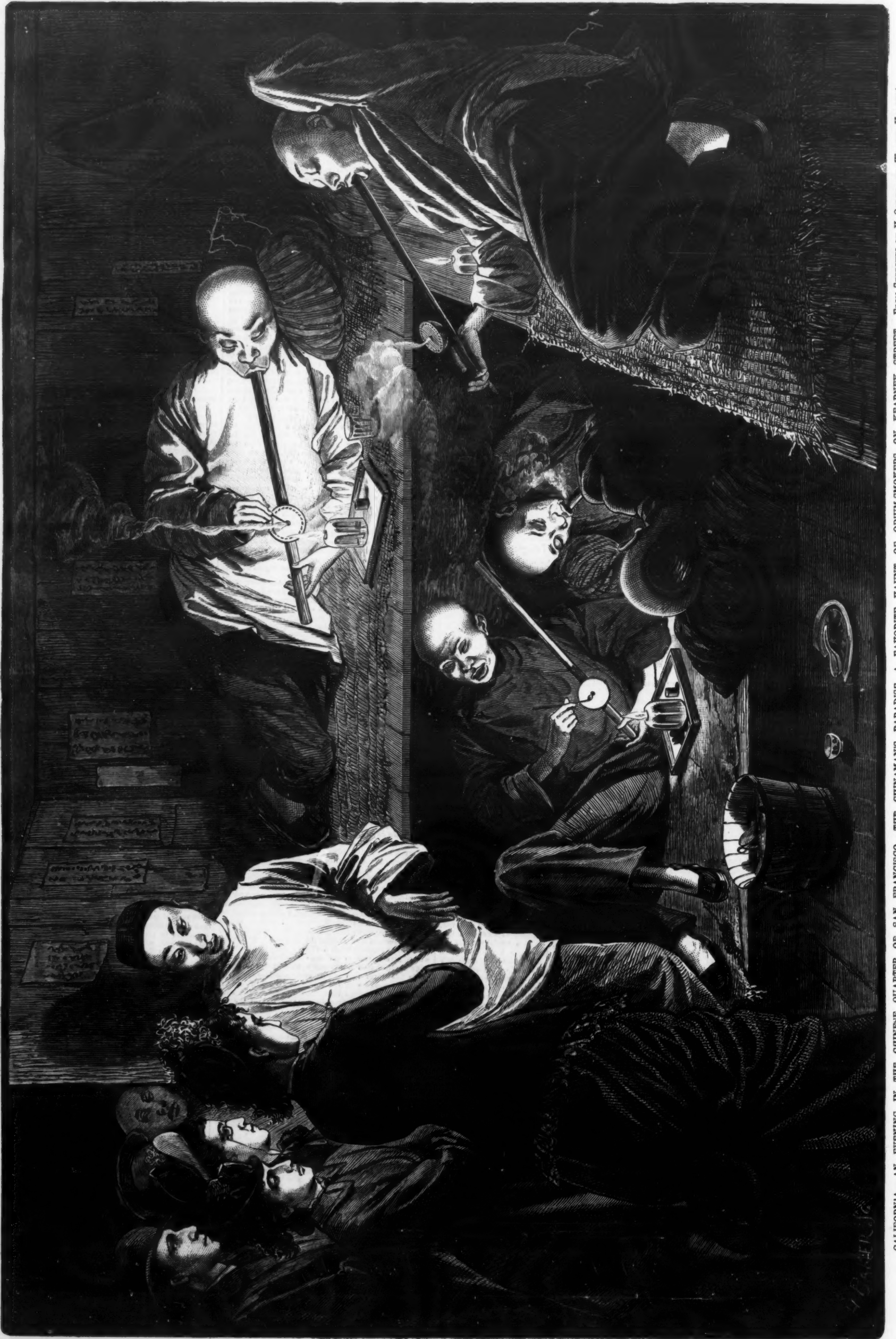
—A PECULIARITY of the baobab-tree, found in Africa, is that scarcely any injury will destroy it, though it finally dies of some sort of disease after living to a great age, upwards of one thousand years, it is believed. Fire scorching the exterior does not impair its vitality, and even cutting down does not exterminate it, for it continues to grow in length while lying on the ground, and its roots, which reach forty or fifty yards from the trunk, retain their vitality.

—INDIA OFFICE statistics show that at present a hundred million women in India are sunk in absolute ignorance, being unable to read a syllable of their mother tongue, and untaught as to the simplest rules of health and life, the laws of God or scientific truths; in fact, a feeling exists in most Hindoo families that the girl who has learned to read and write has committed a sin sure to bring down judgment upon her and her husband.

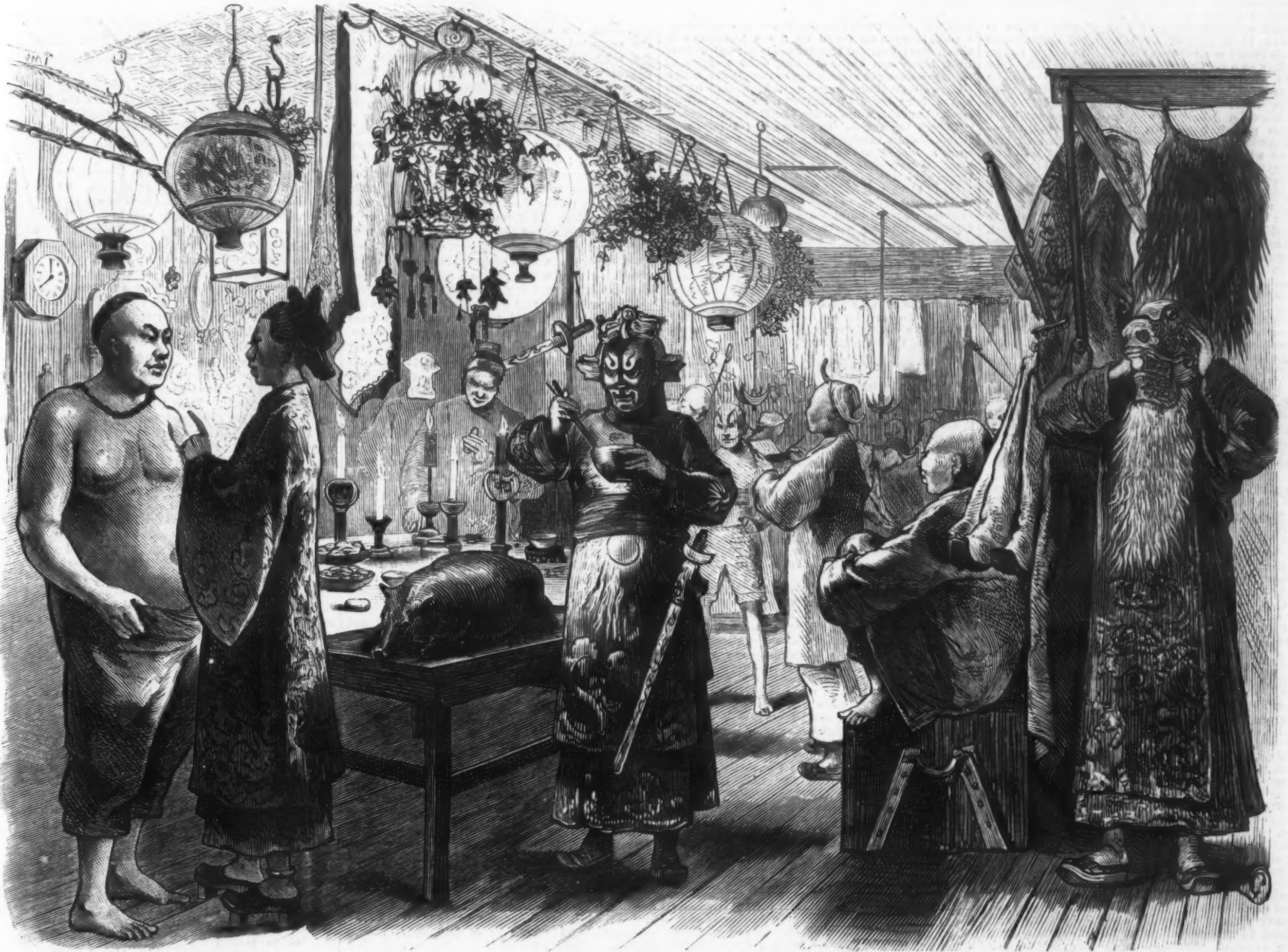
—LIFE is rather too cheap for comfort out in Illinois. The records show that within the last twenty years 314 murderers have been sent to Joliet prison—ninety of them for life, and the remainder for from one to twenty-five years. One hundred have been pardoned, sixty-two have been released in other ways, twenty-one have died or gone to asylums for the insane, and 131 are still in prison. Three years and six months, it is estimated, is the average term for a convicted murderer in Illinois.

—FOUR wagons had to be sent from the Ministry of Finance the day after the national *fête* to carry away the money taken at the gates of the Exposition on the 30th of June. Ordinarily no money is taken at the gates, as tickets must be purchased elsewhere, but the day of the *fête* the price of admission was only five cents, and no tickets were required. As there is no piece in the French coinage between two cents and ten cents, all the money—about 130,000 francs—was bronze one and two cent pieces.

—THE smokers of Italy have struck against the abominable cigar furnished by the Government (which, as in France, has a tobacco monopoly), and will only use pipes until a reform has been effected. All through Venetia the cry is, "Down with the cigars!" In Padua there are placards upon the walls, "Smoke cigars by day and you'll be thrashed at night." At Rovigo posters implore good citizens to imitate the Milanese and smoke no more cigars after the 1st of July, and circulars bearing a similar prayer have been circulated at Mira and other points.



CALIFORNIA.—AN EVENING IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.—THE CHINAMAN'S PARADISE, A FAVORITE HAUNT OF OPIUM-SMOKERS ON KEARNEY STREET.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. OGDEN AND WALTER YEAGER.



THE ALL-NIGHT SUPPER SPREAD IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF THE ROYAL CHINA THEATRE.

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

AN EVENING IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

BRIGHT with streams of gaslight from a thousand windows, noisy with rolling carriages that never cease their racket on the cobble-stone pavement, and swarming with idlers almost as numerous as at high noon, Kearney Street, at nine o'clock p. m., is a gayer sight than even fast New York can show. Turn the corner of Washington Street—past the Plaza, and the gray old house, from one of whose windows the first victim of the Vigilantes swung in 1851, and a pall of darkness almost visible appears to drop upon us; the noise of wheels dies away and is silent; the quick-footed, jostling crowd vanishes, and in its place a dark phantom or two slides past us in the darkness, creeping close to the gloomy walls of the unlighted houses. One more turn into Dupont Street, and here, just a block away from the gas-lit gayety of Vanity Fair, lies the dark labyrinth of China Town. It is a long, narrow street—so very narrow that two people only can walk abreast on the rickety, uneven wooden sidewalks. It is very dark, for scarcely a street-lamp can be seen dotting its entire length, and from the small shop-windows—and every ground-floor window in China Town comes



INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL CHINA THEATRE DURING A PERFORMANCE.

CALIFORNIA.—AN EVENING IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. OGDEN AND WALTER YEAGER.

under that denomination—glimmers only the feeblest light, thrown from the queer, tumbler-shaped lamps, wherein the wick, a long, coiled stalk of some imported Chinese weed, floats in dark, ill-smelling oil. It is a crowded street—but this crowd is all as silent, as stealthy and as melancholy as a company of ghosts. Up and down they go, their cork-soled slippers making no sound on the plank-walk that echoes so under the Caucasian boot-heel; dusky spectres in baggy dark-blue and plum-colored clothes, with the low-crowned black hats pushed back from their listless, inscrutable moon-faces, and the long, slim pig-tails switching like whip-lashes down their backs; old men with wizened-up, saffron-colored faces, and big round spectacles of horn, that give them the look of aged half-human owls; young men, placid and smooth as infants; boys, that look scarcely younger than the men. Here and there a tiny childish figure in wider, baggier and shorter garments than the rest, though cut after precisely the same model, toddles by on little wooden pattens; and if it turns to the dim light, you see the face of a woman, white and pink with plastered paint, and framed in stiff wing-shaped puffs of hair shot through with bright gold pins. But these figures are rare; the crowd is essentially masculine, and the stray woman who now and then crosses it is quickly lost to sight, swallowed up in the blacker darkness of some blind alley.

THE ROYAL THEATRE.

Following some of the gliding figures which seem animated by a more definite purpose than the rest, we find ourselves, with them, at the entrance of the Royal China Theatre, on Jackson Street. A long, narrow entry, bare and unpainted, but brightly lighted, leads back into the body of the house; at the threshold thereof sits a vender of fruit and Chinese confections, whose little wooden stand is spread with odd saucers of black-looking sweetmeat, with broken sections of coconut, plates of salted almonds, bunches of cherries and stalks of sugar-cane, and smooth white slices of betel-nut, wrapped up cornucopia-wise in a green leaf, and held at the end with a dab of red paint. The listless vender of these commodities never turns his eyes to look at us as we pass in; American visitors are no novelty at the Royal China Theatre, for this is one of the standard "shows" of China Town. Of the two theatres within its narrow precincts, it is decidedly the favorite, and if it cannot be strictly called the most fashionable, is the largest and best. Its hours of performance are from eight p. m. until four a. m. The prices of admission to its native patrons vary from two to one bit, according to the lateness of the hour, but European visitors are charged the uniform fee of fifty cents.

Inside is the barest possible skeleton of a theatre—unpainted, undecorated, comfortless and gloomy. There is a single gallery devoted to the use of the women, who are not allowed on the floor of the house; there are rows of hard wooden benches, dark and slippery with age and dirt; and there, fronting us, is the stage, a mere raised platform connecting by two little flights of steps with the pit. There are neither "wings" nor "flies" nor curtain, nor orchestra; nothing but the bare boarded platform, with two little doors at the back, shaded by scant curtains, and the musicians, so-called, sitting in a row against the wall. The auditorium is closely packed with dingy blue blouses and black felt hats; the air is dim with smoke, and heavy with that peculiar odor inseparable from China Town and its denizens. Upstairs the women are crowded together—more dingy dark-blue sacks, and, instead of the felt hats, shiny black pates glistering with gold pins; all men and women alike, are quiet and listless as their familiar images on our fans. Through the narrow aisles moves a vender of sugar-cane and oranges, with his bamboo tray poised on his head; but he utters no sound, only strolls apathetically up and down, glancing about in search of customers, with his dreamy, slant eyes under the shadow of the tray.

These are the spectators; as for the actors and their performances, they are like nothing in the world but a Chinese nightmare, or the grotesque side of an opium-eater's dream. The first thing you perceive on entering—and before entering—is the noise, and for the first few minutes the operation of every other sense is absolutely nullified by the exaggerated agony which smites your sense of hearing. It proceeds from the men who sit listlessly at the back of the stage, with bland, infantile faces addressed to the audience, and who bang upon brazen gongs, pound with cymbals, belabor little three-legged drums, scrape madly and monotonously upon Chinese fiddles, and extract the concentrated din of Pandemonium from mysterious instruments without name. There are no words in any European language—there may be in Chinese—to describe the nature of this unearthly racket; but such as it is, it evidently tickles the ears of its olive-skinned hearers, for it never ceases, nor ever abates one fraction of its violence. It has no knowledge of tune, and time it boldly annihilates; "men may come and men may go," but from eight until four, it rages relentlessly, and bids fair, like the brook, to "go on for ever."

A POPULAR PERFORMANCE.

The performance is partly in pantomime; but occasionally there is an accession of agony, when all the actors burst forth into high-pitched falsetto shrieks, and storm at each other with indescribable see-sawing inflections of the voice, and long-drawn yells, only to be likened to the cries of midnight cats. In and out of the two little curtained doors rush streams of grotesque figures, hideous with half-human masks, bearded, horned, blotched with black and scarlet paint and gilding, with flowered and embroidered robes, and jeweled breast-plates, and flashing scimitars; peacock's feathers nodding over their heads, clusters of gay flags flapping at their shoulders like wings—tricked out of all likeness to men by every ingeniously grotesque device of form and color that the fantastic Chinese mind can conceive. There is a battle raging on the stage, and the God of War himself—more terrible than all the rest, with paint and tinsel and flags, and a great black beard half-way to his knees, and with two pheasant's feathers four feet long arching out from his helmet—comes prancing and stamping out, screaming at the highest grating pitch of his voice, and performs a pirouette on one leg exactly in the centre of the stage. After him rush a body of warriors, naked to the waist, with queer horned head-pieces, and spears in their hands, who follow in single file, whirl in like manner upon one leg apiece, and then, having dismounted in this easy manner from imaginary steeds, fall to fighting. Suddenly, in the strangest way, the fighting merges into ground and lofty tumbling; the half-naked warriors chase each other round and round the stage, throwing double and triple somersaults high in the air, forward and backward, alighting on their feet, on their hands, and flat on their backs with their feet stretched out straight and their arms close on their sides; reinforcements rush out, more men stripped to the waist, bare-armed and bare-footed, with a single horn like a unicorn's sprouting from their foreheads, and their noses painted a staring white; one huge fat man, without a perceptible

bone or muscle in his body, stands on his head, walks on his hands, on his elbows—anyhow but on his feet—ties himself into horrible knots, leaps backwards over piled-up chairs and tables, throws himself into the air rolled up like a ball—does, in short, everything but turn himself inside out, and retires, bland and expressionless, amid a storm of applause from our small party of Caucasians, which causes all the almond-eyes to look askance at us, and a faint smile of contempt for the "foreign devils" to cross a few of the placid yellow faces.

Behind the scenes the actors and acrobats, as they withdraw, make merry in their own fashion over a supper served in their dressing-room—a nightly "spread" of roast pig, rice and tea, and Chinese sweetmeats, ranged on a great clumsy table of black teak-wood; with smoking joss-sticks and red and yellow candles of some soft, fatty, ill-smelling material burning around, and great globe-lanterns swinging overhead. Down stairs, in a dark, bricked kitchen, others of the dramatic corps take their turns at compounding and cooking mysterious native messes; and here, amid dense greasy vapors and smells, even more strange and uncanny than those which salute our noses above, the artist penetrates for a sketch—no easy achievement, by the way, for the Celestial sense of dignity is apt to be intensely outraged by such liberties on the part of the Melican traveler.

ELYSIUM OF THE OPIUM-SMOKER.

From the theatre to the opium-den is but a short step in China Town. How do we get there, and where is it? No one of us can tell, further than this—that we follow our guide blindly through a network of black passages, narrow alleys, with the rough cobble-stone pavement under our feet, and alleys that have no pavement but the refuse filth of China Town; that we grope and feel our way after the glimmering star of his little candle-end, and, turning a corner, come suddenly upon a dimly lighted window, breast-high from the ground; that he pushes open a low, battered door, and straightway following the motion of his hand, we are standing in the Chinaman's paradise.

Such a little, close, stifling den as this! Eight or ten feet square, barely high enough for a tall man to stand in, and with every inch of its whitewashed ceiling and roughly boarded walls blackened with smoke and greasy with dirt. Strips of red paper—the Chinese prayers—are pasted about, but that is the only attempt at decoration. Around three sides of the wall runs a narrow shelf, scantily covered with ragged matting, upon which the smokers lie, packed with heads and feet together like sardines in a box; some with their blouses rolled up for pillows, some with blocks of wood or bundles of rags under their shining yellow pates. Under the shelf are rough compartments or bunks, each holding one, or sometimes two men, coiled up in the smallest possible space. In the middle of the den burns a single lamp, which throws only a little disk of sickly light upon the table where it stands; all the corners are in black shadow, made dimmer and more uncertain by the films and eddies of blue smoke which hang heavily in the air. Weird flashes from their pipes shine upon the men's faces, and brighten and fade as their breaths kindle them; with the black shadows, the swimming vapors, and the gleams of light upon strange, uncanny, yellow faces and half-human glittering eyes, the whole picture seems stolen from a panorama of the "Inferno."

We pause at the door to speak to the only smoker who seems as yet in full possession of his senses, and who glances askance at us with a pair of bright, watchful eyes. He is a big, powerful Chinaman, spotlessly dressed in a clean white shirt still fresh in its folds, with his pigtail coiled up like a smooth black snake, and his head resting comfortably upon the neat roll of his dark blouse. Beside him is the opium-smoker's apparatus, the square tray, containing a glass lamp, and a tiny horn box, filled with the opium paste; in his mouth is the long bamboo stem, with its curious stone bowl screwed half-way up, which he holds in his long, listless, thin fingers; the other hand, looking like carved yellow ivory in the lamplight, is busy working the lump of opium into the bowl at the end of a long wire. He glances up at us with twinkling eyes, but never moves the pipe from his lips, nor stops the mechanical motion of his right hand.

"Why do you smoke that horrible stuff?" asks one benevolent, but injudicious visitor. He simply looks at her and gives a short laugh behind the bamboo-stem.

"Have smoke?" he says politely, taking a fresh lump of opium from the little box, and holding it to the candle-flame for an instant. "No hutee Chinaman, no hutee Melican lady!" But the Melican lady declines, and for ever afterwards regrets that she did so. Our friend laughs again—a contemptuous, compassionate laugh—and applies himself to the bowl of his pipe with redoubled interest. In half an hour more he will probably have sunk into the trance wherein his heathen heart delighteth; and with his pipe fallen from his lips, and his body lying like any insensate log, along the little matted shelf, the immortal essence of this particular John will be reveling in bowers of bliss, embraced by almond-eyed hours, and lulled by the harmonies of the spheres—or of a Chinese orchestra.

ROY'S WIFE.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXX.—WATCH AND WATCH.

IT is not to be supposed that Lord Fitzowen's red-waistcoated emissary failed in the task assigned him. He came to demand his recompense, furnishing Nelly's full name and address within an hour of his first start, and hung about Lord Fitzowen's residence till that nobleman should return to dress for dinner, contentedly enough wishing, indeed, that all the jobs he took in hand were as easy of accomplishment and as sure to be well-paid.

Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand. Surely no locality could be less calculated to screen a lady from pursuit! Why not take a room there at once, disguised as a bagman—with such a red wig and sample of hardware as should defy recognition, not to resume his real character until assured of forgiveness and success? The idea, though tempting, was too theatrical, and he dismissed it with regret. Such an adventure would have suited his versatile genius; no doubt, but seemed repugnant to good taste. Moreover, Fitz felt conscious, not only of admiration for Mrs. Roy, but also of profound respect. This it was that distinguished the present from all his past attachments, and caused him to fear that he must be very far gone indeed.

So he was content to wait a day or two, and then dispatched a bouquet of liberal dimensions,

addressed to Mrs. Roy. Nelly, believing, simply enough, that this floral offering was a gallantry from Brail, thanked him accordingly, and it was only after the sailor's energetic disavowal that she suspected the real offender. But what was the use?—she could not send them back; the flowers were very beautiful, bringing with them odors of Summer, almost gleams of sunshine, into the cook's gallery, as the lieutenant called it, where she cast up her bills.

"They're lovely, my dear, whoever sent them," protested her aunt. "Flowers isn't like ornaments, Nelly; they're to be had for the gathering. A young woman needn't be ashamed to accept of flowers, come from where they will, and a young man wouldn't offer flowers as didn't mean honest and honorable. If it was a bracelet, now, or a pair of gold earrings, they'd have to go back next post; I've done it myself, scores of times; but when they come with a nosegay, Thank ye, kindly, says I, and you're welcome to a nosegay from me, if you look for anything in return!"

Thus it fell out that when Lord Fitzowen summoned courage to call in person at the Corner Hotel, he found his bouquet set in a jug of water, propped by two ledgers on her writing-table, under Nelly's very nose. Any encouragement thus afforded, seemed, however, sufficiently counteracted by that lady's greeting, which was of the coldest and most reserved. Putting her lips to an orifice in the wall, that communicated by some mysterious pipe with the basement, she summoned a flippant waiter to assist at the interview, ignoring sternly the possibility that his lordship could have called for any purpose less business-like than that of securing rooms. Fitz was not easily defeated; but it must be confessed that this masterly manoeuvre placed him at a considerable disadvantage. His frank, open nature did him better service than any amount of artifice.

"Forgive me," he said, lifting his hat, "I only ventured to intrude because, having discovered your address by accident, I wanted to finish something I forgot to say the last time we met."

Nelly had turned very pale, but her lip was steady and her voice firm while she answered:

"I require no apology. I thought my wishes would have had greater weight. I am sorry to find I am mistaken. I conclude there is nothing more to be said."

The waiter stared, and whisked his napkin. Lord Fitzowen, trying to intimate with his eye that it would be well if this functionary were dismissed, preserved an awkward silence; while Mrs. John did a sum in addition, and did it wrong.

"Do you wish to see my aunt?" she said at last, looking up with a gravity which proved too much for her visitor.

For all his romance, volatile Fitz was keenly alive to the ludicrous, and he fairly burst into a laugh. His mirth seemed contagious; Nelly could not forbear smiling, though resolved none the less to remain on her defense.

"Will you introduce me to your aunt?" he exclaimed. "I should be so delighted. I want to know the whole family."

"It is all very well to laugh," replied Mrs. John, resuming her gravity; "but I should have thought you the last person in the world to take unfair advantage of any one—particularly of the unhappy. Do not force me to confess I was mistaken."

"You don't mean I must never come and see you at all?" said his lordship, ruefully. "I only ask to be of service; I had no time to tell you so the other day. I would run your errands, fetch and carry for you, like a dog!"

"I don't want a dog," she answered; "and I have nothing to fetch and carry."

"But I may send you some more flowers, at any rate? After all, they are only vegetables. There can be no objection to flowers."

"Neither flowers nor vegetables. I ought to have thanked you for these. But no more; and good-by!"

So his lordship had nothing for it but to walk out, baffled, defeated, more enthralled than ever, and gathering what consolation he could from his late rebuff.

"At least," he thought, "she seemed to like the flowers. That must mean she will forgive me for sending more. What on earth made her have the waiter up? I don't know why one should mind waiters; they must hear and see all sort of things. A waiter is really no more protection than a toothpick! Yes, I must be patient. In a week, or perhaps less, I might call again. I can excuse myself by urging that she would not listen to me to-day. By degrees she will get used to it, and in time she will let me sit in that glass-case with her—of course under surveillance of the aunt, and eventually, perhaps, only of the waiter. I can square him. It will be a long business, but I shouldn't mind that, if I thought she would care for me at last. It's up-hill work—I have made lamentably slow progress; yet I cannot help flattering myself I got the thin end of the wedge in to-day!"

Thus ruminated his lordship under the erroneous impression that it is possible to judge of one woman by another, or that experience and analogy are of the slightest assistance in predicating the turns of the female mind; and while so ruminating, returned, instinctively, the salute of that red-waistcoated messenger whom he so often employed. As red-waistcoat looked after the nobleman with an admiring shake of the head, he was accosted by a person wearing a shabby suit of black, like an undertaker in difficulties, who pressed a sixpence into his willing palm.

"What's this for?" asked the recipient, at once suspecting "something up."

"Why, you see, my man, I'm from the country."

"You look like it," interrupted red-waistcoat.

"From the country," continued the other, indifferent to irony. "Come up for the horse show; and I want to know some of the tip-toppers, if it's only by sight, so as to talk of them when I get home."

"Vell?"

"Now, that is a real, natural swell, I'm sure of it, as you touched your hat to just now. Would you mind obliging me with his name?"

"Vich?"

"The young gentleman in a blue surtout, with his hat a-one-side."

"Wot! Don't you know 'im?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Who is he? Why, Captain Bull. That's who he is! I thought as everybody knowed Captain Bull!"

And red-waistcoat, true to his salt, having mistrusted this country-bred inquirer from the first, disappeared down a by-street, to melt his late gratuity in gin.

The shabby man smiled, shook his head and walked on.

"It's a good name," he said to himself, "a very good traveling name, is Captain Bull. I might find it handy some of these days in my own way of business. So his lordship calls himself Captain Bull, does he, when he takes his little walks and plays his little game at this here end of the Strand? Let's see, now. The day before yesterday a nosegay of flowers, not far short of a guinea's worth, I'll wager; to-day, a visit under a false name; to-morrow?—to-morrow will be an off-day, I guess. Spell of work—spell of rest; that's about the size of it with these here upper-crusts. And next week, maybe, she'll drive out with him in a hired brougham, or what-not. I think I see my way to put the puzzle together, piecing it in, bit by bit, till every joint fits exact, smooth and even as the palm of your hand. Then I goos to my employer and draws my ten quid, and perhaps a couple more for luck. Yes, I don't think I laid out that sixpence so badly. For a Londoner, and a gutter-bred one, this chap in a red weskit seems what I call a trifle soft."

Not so soft as the shabby person supposed. Red-waistcoat, who had swept a crossing in St. James's Street, hung about Tattersall's yard, held their horses for Members of both Houses at Westminster, and, when Parliament was not sitting, had spent one recess on plain fare and regular exercise at Brixton, was about as sharp a blade as can be turned out by the hard grindstone of lower London life. He saw through the would-be countryman at a glance, detected the detective by his boots—*ex pede Herculem*—and, making sure he was not followed, ran like a lamp-lighter, through certain by-streets, to Lord Fitzowen's house, where his knowledge of human nature told him his lordship would return for revival of his toilet after a visit to his lady-love in the Strand.

He arrived simultaneously with that nobleman, and passed into the hall by aid of the owner's latch-key.

"Well, Jack, what's up now?" asked Fitzowen, flinging his umbrella with a clatter into the stand.

"You're watched, my lord!" was the answer. "I made bold to come on here at once, and give your lordship the office. When a man *knows* as he's watched there ain't no danger, like when a man *knows* as he's drunk!"

"How did you find it out, Jack?"

"Bless ye, my lord! I hadn't no call to go a-finding of it out; the cove jumped slap into my mouth. 'Who's that gent?' says he, when I lifted my 'at to your lordship, which you returned polite. I warn't agoin' to give him the tip, my lord, not if I know'd it. I'm not such a flat."

"Do you think he has been following me long?"

"Best part of an hour, my lord. I see him before, when your lordship passed down Pall-Mall. I couldn't be mistaken, a-cause of his boots. He ain't a bobby, my lord; you've no call to be afraid of that; but he's as bad, if not worse."

"You'd know him again, I suppose?"

"Anywheres, my lord. He couldn't deceive me, not if I was to drop on to him in a church."

"Then keep a sharp look out. If you see that he tracks me regularly, get into conversation with him, and find out his employer if you can."

"Let me alone, my lord. I'll soon know wot he's up to. Good day, my lord. It's uncommon hot this afternoon."

"Are you thirsty, Jack?"

"Always dry, my lord, begging your lordship's pardon."

"Then go and wet your whistle with that, and don't come here again till you've got something to tell me I didn't know before."

Red-waistcoat, pocketing a handsome gratuity, went rejoicing; while Lord Fitzowen, dressing leisurely for an afternoon ride, meditated on Mrs. Roy's deep gray eyes, and the false position in which he had placed both her and himself.

Watched! Had it indeed come to this? He could depend on red-waistcoat; the fellow was sharp as a needle, and familiar with every kind of intrigue, even in phases of life far higher than his own. There was no likelihood of his being mistaken, and it seemed probable that, for some reason as yet unexplained, the attachment he had allowed himself to cherish for this deserted wife was now suspected by her husband. There would be an action at law, a show-up, a general row, and he was to be made the scapegoat! What then! Why, Mr. Roy was playing into his very hands. He desired nothing better. Outraged, insulted, compromised by the man who ought to have protected her, found guilty by the verdict of society before trial and without evidence, her good name irretrievably tarnished as thus connected with his own, Nelly would be more or less than woman if she refused the only shelter left—his love, his protection and his home. They would go abroad at once. How delightful! "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," they would find some beautiful nook in Germany, Switzerland, the Italian Alps, no matter where, to furnish the first example of a pair, who, having set the decencies of life at defiance, could make each other happy as the day is long! Would he tire of her at last? No, no—a thousand times no. And all the while, with masculine self-sufficiency, he never dreamed of speculating, would she tire of him?

Pending this final catastrophe, distant enough as yet, excepting Lord Fitzowen's vivid imagination, Mr. Roy paid frequent visits to Lincoln's Inn, returning therefrom day by day, with an increasing depression of spirits that Lady Jane taxed all her energies to dispel. It vexed her not a little to see a man whom she now began to consider personal property, in no way elevated by his prospects—grave, silent, even morose, showing unaccountable dislike to the payment or acceptance

of those little attentions by which women set such store.

"I can't think what's the matter with you!" exclaimed her ladyship, fairly out of patience with his continued despondency. "If it wasn't so bad a compliment to myself, and I didn't know it must be impossible, I should say you were in love with that odious wife of yours all the time!"

CHAPTER XXXI.—WORN TO A THREAD.

WHO has not sympathized with Madame de Maintenon when, contrasting the solemn splendor of her maturity with the poverty, dependence, and light-heartedness of former days, she deplored her dreary task—"to amuse a king no longer capable of amusement?" There was probably as little resemblance between Louis the Great and Scarron as between the late Mr. de Benier and John Roy, yet could Lady Jane at this period of her widowhood fully appreciate the uphill work imposed on that discreet personage who succeeded so skillfully in combining the influence of a king's favorite with the authority of a king's wife.

Madame Scarron endured the penance a good many years. Lady Jane found it irksome in a very few weeks. Nevertheless, women will make great sacrifices rather than abate one inch of dominion, and her ladyship, though she hated both, was more averse to being baffled than to being bored.

The last conquest, too, when it comes at the end of a long list, seems only more valuable because it is the last. There is a great rush for tickets when the lottery is about to close; and with all its uncertainty, all its variety, all its whirl of chance and change, no doubt the finish seems the most exciting part of a race.

It is when youth is slipping away that women cling to it with most tenacious grasp; and oh! ye fickle swains, who pass like the bee from flower to flower, I beseech you have some consideration for those over-blown roses from which the petals already begin to fall. Tempting are they, and fragrant in their rich maturity; but, remember, if you gather you are bound to wear them till nothing is left but the stalk!

A damsel's broken heart can be put together again by your successor as good as new—or very nearly—and is sometimes, indeed, all the sounder and healthier for its ordeal. The chances of the table are still open to a player who has but lost her first venture in the game. Far different is it with the matron, burning to retrieve a ruined fortune on this her last bold stake. If luck fails her, there is no recovery; neither *refait* nor *après* can avail; she must walk out beggared and desperate into the night. Can we blame her that she summons all her energy, all her artifice, all her courage, and would fain supplement skill with something like cheating to counteract the adverse chances of the deal? The inexorable *rien ne va plus* must always be a sentence of doom to the sanguine, impulsive, and insatiable sex, who enter life persuaded they have a prescriptive right to its richest prizes, and, if they must leave it without attaining the objects of their ambition, declare loudly they have suffered injustice from gods and men.

Lady Jane, in so far a *Juilet* that she would have her *Romeo* stray

"No farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty!"

did by no means approve of the change that day by day was making a turbulent vassal out of an obedient slave. Mr. Roy seemed adamant to smiles and tears alike. Voluble reproaches and silent sulks were equally unavailing. As a last resource she tried hysterics—once only, and never again, since they nearly drove him away for good and all. "I must leave off," thought her ladyship, "where I ought to have begun. To keep him amused is the only chance of tiding over this dreadful interval, and retaining my hold on his affections. He must be made to feel he cannot do without me. Men are sad cowards in their dread of being bored. If I can find him a fresh distraction every day, and the days do not outlast the distractions, I shall win. After we are married, my friend, it will be my turn, and you will find yourself nicely mistaken, if you think you are to go on as you do now!" So she sought out every diversion she could think of—plays, operas, concerts, flower-shows, and bazaars, till, from Alexandra Park to the Crystal Palace, there was scarcely a place of amusement frequented by the respectable classes, at which she had not yawned out her money's worth in company with Mr. Roy.

She was hard put to it for a pastime, when she made the following proposal over her usual afternoon tea:

"Will you take me somewhere to-night?"

His face expressed no inordinate gratification. She felt vexed with herself and him to feel that he would rather stay and smoke peacefully at his club.

"How can you go anywhere to-night?" was the unceremonious rejoinder. "I thought you dined with your uncle, the bishop?"

"So I do; and he ought to be burned for not asking you to meet me. Never mind, I shall get away early. And you?"

"I am engaged to dine with a man-party."

"You're sure it's a man-party?"

"Quite sure. A house-dinner at a club—to meet rather a distinguished individual; one of the fellows who went to look for the North Pole."

"How nice! I declare I envy you! Can't you bring him here? Do you know him well?"

"I didn't know him at all two days ago, but we are rather allies already. I like him very much. He seems a straightforward, sensible fellow, without the slightest self-conceit."

"What's his name?"

"Brail; a lieutenant in the navy."

"I can tell you all about him. He's perpetually dangling after that port, forward Miss Bruce—the girl you think so good looking. I wonder how poor old twaddling Sir Hector allows it!"

"Miss Bruce! How you ladies pick up gossip! Now, I should have thought Brail had more sense than to dangle after any woman, if she were as beautiful as an angel."

"Say as wicked as a fiend! That is what you gentlemen like. I declare it almost puts one out of

conceit with being good, to see the sort of people that get on in this modern Babylon."

"Then why don't you leave off?"

She looked at him reproachfully. Nor, I am bound to admit, was such a remark, addressed to a lady with whom he had contracted a tacit engagement, in the best taste; but Roy, placed in a false position, and goaded by the stings of conscience, had become of late like a baited bull, pushing and goring on all sides, without scruple or remorse.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

DIAMOND-CUTTING AT BOSTON.

THE discovery of diamond-cutting has been very generally attributed to Louis de Berquem, a resident of Bruges, in the year 1465; but in fact the actual discoveries of Berquem amounted only to the construction of a polishing-wheel, to be used with diamond-dust, and a systematic arrangement of the facets.

Long before his time diamonds were cut in India and China; and the inventory of the jewels of Louis of Anjou, drawn up between 1360 and 1368, included a number of cut diamonds. Indeed, 150 years before the advent of Berquem diamond-cutters had existed in Paris; one of these especially, named Herman, had made notable progress in his art by the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The grand centre of diamond-cutting in Berquem's time was the town of Bruges; but pupils of his passed to Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Paris, where they established other workshops for diamond-cutting. Those at Paris did not at first succeed, but afterwards, under the patronage of Mazarin, diamond-cutting took an important position at Paris. After the death of Mazarin this industry declined, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave it a blow which it never recovered.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds has from time immemorial been monopolized by the Amsterdam Jews, who, under a close guild, dictated terms to the civilized world. Nearly all this work is done in Holland, although Dutch experts have established themselves somewhat in the larger European cities, while some have come to America. Wherever established, all their home rules and fixed habits have been scrupulously preserved, five days usually constituting a week's work, at high rates of wages, while an entire and absolute refusal to teach apprentices, excepting Dutch boys of their own selection, has been the rule, the boys being always bound to their teachers, and never to their employers.

It has been reserved for a citizen of Boston to revolutionize in this country the whole system. Mr. Henry D. Morse, for many years employed Dutch diamond-cutters and polishers exclusively; meanwhile, he practically was learning the business in all its details. Believing it to be necessary, he established a shop where he privately taught six or eight young women this hitherto mysterious occupation. At a fit time he apprised his Dutch workmen that American boys must be taught by them, and was, as often before, peremptorily refused; he then decided that he must himself undertake the work, involving the necessity of bringing the young women from Roxbury to supplement the places of discharged Dutch workmen.

This enterprise was organized in 1860, and now employs over thirty operatives, all of whom are Americans; and they have demonstrated that their work is equal to the best done in Europe.

The first process is the cleaning, by which irregular stones are shaped and spots and flaws removed from others. This branch of the business requires more skill and judgment than either of the others. The workman, after determining the point from which the piece is to be taken, confines the diamond in cement on the end of a stick, then by making a groove with the sharp edge of another diamond he places the blunt edge of a knife (which is made for this purpose) into the groove, giving it a gentle tap with the hammer, which separates the piece from the stone; this process is repeated until the stone is properly shaped for the cutter; the pieces thus taken off are afterwards manipulated into small brilliants and rose diamonds in the same way. They then pass into the hands of the cutter, who puts two of them into cement on the ends of two sticks which are held over the cutting-box pressing against two upright pins, and then by rubbing the surfaces together they are shaped, being readjusted several times during this process. This work is very laborious, and has been overcome by the invention of one of Mr. Morse's workmen, who has made a machine which accomplishes this work with more accuracy, and greater facility, on all except very small stones. The dust which is collected during this process is mixed with oil and used in the polishing. After the stones have been shaped by the cutter they pass into the hands of the polisher, who has the stones set singly into a cup or dop with a copper wire attached, the cup being first filled with solder which is shaped to a point in which the diamond is set preventing the surface to be polished. It is then fastened into a clamp by copper wire, the clamp having two legs which rest upon the table, the dop containing the diamond making the third leg, which rests upon the wheel of iron which revolves 2,000 times in a minute; diamond-dust with oil is put upon the diamond, and it is then placed upon the wheel and is gradually worn away with a high polish, and adjusted by the bending of the wire. Each diamond is re-adjusted in the lead twenty-six times before the work is completed. One must see the work done to realize the amount of labor and patience required to transform the rough diamond into the beautiful brilliant.

The success of this new American industry is wholly due to the patience and perseverance of Mr. Morse, whose skill and ingenuity has enabled him to acquire a thorough knowledge of each branch of this business, and qualifies him to teach Americans a business which has heretofore been monopolized by Hollanders.

Photographing the Koran.

ACCORDING to the custom of the Turks, the Koran must not be printed, but always be preserved in manuscript. This circumstance puts it out of the power of the poor classes to possess a copy of the sacred book, and recourse has been had to photography. As the heliographic process had no existence when Mohammed promulgated his prohibition, there can be no impropriety in employing it for the dissemination of his teachings, particularly as in Turkey this process is not classed with printing, but is described as due to the direct action of the sun. It is thus that photography comes to the rescue of a religion professed by a great number of races. The operation of photographing the Koran has been accomplished by Fruhwist, in London, under the strictest control, to prevent any violation of the Mussulman regulations on that subject.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Large Number of foreign men of science have promised to be present at the Dublin meeting of the British Association. Among the names mentioned at the last meeting of the local committee are Professors Sachs, Würzburg; C. Pierce, New York; S. H. Scudder, Cambridge, Mass.; A. S. Packard, Salem, Mass.; and Karl Koch, Berlin. The programme of excursions will be finally settled at the next meeting of the committee. Visits to almost every place of interest within easy distance of the city will be arranged for, and the usually vexing questions of locomotion and commissariat carefully attended to.

Studies of the Baltic and German Ocean.—A commission has been established in Schleswig-Holstein, which has for its object the exact and minute investigation of the climatological, physical and chemical conditions of the Baltic and the German Ocean, as well as of the influence which their conditions exercise upon organic life. The commission has established a large number of stations for making observations of the currents existing in these seas, in order to obtain data for the understanding of the general laws governing marine currents. With regard to animal life, the commission has, up to the present, confined its labors to the most important inhabitant of the two seas, the common herring, and it has succeeded in determining with certainty the few zoological varieties of this fish, as well as in finding its spawning-places, and, as a result, the artificial cultivation of herring has already been set on foot. The commission will now devote its attention to other species of fish.

A Professorship of Assyrian Literature.—The first professorship of Assyrian literature in Germany has just been founded at the University of Leipzig by the appointment of Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, who recently delivered his inaugural address on the relations of cuneiform inscriptions to the study of the Bible. The professor also referred to the literature of pottery, tiles, and especially of the tile library of Sardanapalus, obtained at the excavations of Nineveh opposite Mosul. The cuneiform literature of the British Museum amounts to 20,000 tablets and fragments, chiefly the results of the labors of Sir Henry Layard and of the late Mr. G. Smith. The subject matter of these tablets, so far as published, has a close analogy to the Old Testament story. The deciphering of these treasures is in a fair way of being thoroughly accomplished, and thus far the Old Testament literature appears to be supplemented by what has been discovered. Babel and the Bible are closely associated in the fragments that have been published, but the story wants continuity owing to the missing tiles.

The Primitive Culture of Babylon.—At a meeting of the Anthropological Institute of London, February 26th, 1878, Mr. W. Boscawen read a paper on the primitive culture of Babylon, in which he referred to the rudely pictorial character of early Babylonian writing, and to its gradual developments into a syllabic character, as shown in the syllabaries of Assur-banipal, which he illustrated by reference to the growth of prenominal ideas and the change of the archaic forms through hieratic into a cuneiform script. Treating the earlier forms as pictorial, he suggested that they gave evidence that the original form of dwelling was a cave, which then gave place to a construction of wattle and daub, and that to a structure supported by wooden beams on columns, and having doors and windows. To these were probably attached gardens about the entrance. The honor in which women were held by their children is indicated by the ideograph for mother, which signifies "home-divinity." The early Babylonians used the fire-stick to kindle their fires. Their name for prison was "dark hole," and policemen patrolled the city day and night.

Botanical Notes.—The herbarium of the late eminent botanist, Alexander Braun, has been purchased by the German Government for the sum of 21,000 marks (\$3,250). The cryptogamic herbarium of the late Italian botanist, G. de Notaris, has been acquired by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction for the Botanic Garden at Rome. Mr. A. W. Bennett, lecturer on botany, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, is engaged on an introductory hand-book of Cryptogamic Botany, to be published in the International Scientific Series, and would be very grateful for any original memoirs, English or foreign, bearing on any branch of the subject which the authors may incline to send him. An International Congress of Botany and Horticulture will be held in Paris on August 16th, 1878, and following days, under the auspices of the Botanical Society and the Central Horticultural Society of France, in the rooms of the latter society, 84 Rue de Grenelle. A programme of subjects, botanical and horticultural, is announced, on which papers are especially invited, as well as the exhibition of illustrative specimens, collections and apparatus.

Magnesium as a Source of Light.—Magnesium gives two hundred and sixty-five times as much light as good coal gas, but the difference of price is so great that there is no probability of its superseding gas. Dr. Frankland shows the relative cost of magnesium, stearic candles, and gas, in order to obtain the same amount of light for ten hours, as follows: Two and a half ounces of magnesium, £1 6s. 3d.; twenty pounds of stearic candles, £1; and 404 cubic feet of coal gas, 1s. 9½d. When we consider what enormous quantities of magnesium there are in the dolomites of Europe and America, as well as in the talcose slates of both continents, and in the saline springs and oceans of all countries, we shall find that the supply of material is very great; and if a method of manufacture could be devised, bringing the cost of the metal down to a much lower sum, it is not improbable after all that magnesium may some day be employed as a source of light under circumstances where gas, candles or electricity are not available—for example, when it is desired to take photographs of caves, churches, and dark places generally. The magnesium lamp is admirably adapted for illuminating the magic lantern and for work with the microscope.

The Application of the Microscope to the Determination of Minerals.—Mr. H. G. Sorby, of London, has devoted much attention to this branch of science, and recently read a paper upon it before the Chemical Society. The application of the microscope for determining the refractive indices of liquids and solids was explained by Mr. Sorby. An object is placed on the stage of a microscope and the focus adjusted accurately. On covering the object with a plate of some refracting substance, the object will be inverted, to bring it again into focus, the body of the microscope must be moved further out. The distance to which this is done can be measured either by a scale and vernier attached to the body of the microscope, or by graduating the head of the screw which works the fine adjustment. Curious and diversified images can be seen by observing with a microscope a circle or grating through transparent plates of various substances. This method has enabled the author to identify various minerals in sections 1-500th inch thick and 1-100th inch in diameter. Thus in a dolomite 1-400th inch thick, a zeolite, labradorite, calcite and angle were identified with almost absolute certainty. In section of shells, 1-1000th of an inch thick calcite can be easily distinguished from aragonite. Mr. Sorby believes that there is a connection between the indices of refraction and the chemical composition of bodies. If this should prove true much laborious analysis can be avoided, and the composition be determined directly by the microscope. The subject is one of great interest to chemists and mineralogists.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

TWENTY bishops attended a *seiré* given by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in London.

It is reported that Count Andrássy is about to be made a Prince by the Emperor of Austria.

The widow of Jasmin, the Provencal poet, the Mignonette of his poems, died recently at Agen, France.

PRESIDENT RAYMOND, of Vassar College, is better, and strong hopes of his recovery are now entertained.

THE Prince of Wales intends visiting Australia and contiguous English colonies next year, also China and Japan.

THE portrait of the late Vice-President Wilson, recently presented to the City of Boston, has been hung in Faneuil Hall, at the left of the platform.

MRS. A. T. STEWART, it is said, in addition to her gifts at Garden City, contemplates establishing and endowing a diocesan divinity school during the ensuing Autumn.

THE Shah of Persia has conferred the Order of the Lion and Sun on Baron Alfred de Rothschild, of London—possibly in token of appreciation of certain financial affairs.

SARAH BERNHARDT has received an order for several of the statues to be placed in the Casino of Monaco, on the enlargement and decoration of which \$400,000 are to be expended.

THE ex-Emir of Kashgar, Beg Kuli Beg, is about to enter the Russian service as an engineer, having displayed considerable talent and skill in the defense by earthworks of his capital.

PRIVATE PETER RAE, who was one of the best shots of the Scotch team in the international match at Creedmoor, in 1876, won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon by a score of seventy-eight points.

MADAME HORTENSE SIAT, a milliner of Paris, distinguished during the Franco-German War for going out under fire to succor the wounded, has just received a medal of honor from the Minister of the Interior.

THE Donegal Grand Jury, in Ireland, has given the mother of Lord Leitrim's clerk \$3,500, and the father of his car-driver \$1,000, the men having been murdered with him. Both sums will be levied off the Leitrim estate.

MISS WILSH, daughter of the Minister of the United States, and Miss Waite, daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States, were presented to Queen Victoria recently by the Countess Menabrea, wife of the Italian Ambassador.

GERMANY is delighted with the piano-playing of Miss Anna Bock, a young American girl of German descent, who has been taught by Liszt and has astonished critical audiences in Cologne and Wiesbaden. A brilliant future is predicted for her.

THE Crown Princess of Denmark is the tallest princess in the world. She measures six feet two inches, and is often compelled to forego the pleasure of dancing, of which she is very fond, because of the difficulty of obtaining a suitable partner.

MISS CELESTINE WINANS, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Winans, of Newport, is pronounced the richest heiress in America. She is but twenty, and is, as she was before she received the fortune inherited from her father, a very handsome girl.

THE late Thad Stevens made provision for the founding of an asylum for the insane. His estate has finally escaped from the toils of the shark family, the Supreme Court having recently decided a suit involving \$50,000 in favor of the will, and the asylum will be built.

THE presents of Prince Arthur of England to his betrothed Prussian Princess have been manufactured in Paris. The gem of them all is an opera glass of gold, studded with jewels in beautiful and ingenious devices, among which is the coat-of-arms of the princess surrounded by a coronet.

MORE changes at the Vatican. Cardinal Hohenlohe becomes archpriest of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore; Cardinal Martinelli is made Prefect of the Congregation of the Index; Cardinal Bartolini is appointed Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, and Car-Merlet Secretary of Memorials to the Pope.

S. BRADEN, of Indianapolis, the only American boy ever entered into the British Naval School, on the cadet-ship Worcester, has passed an examination, and been awarded the highest honor given. It was awarded by a vote of his brother cadets. He is thus made a midshipman in the British navy.

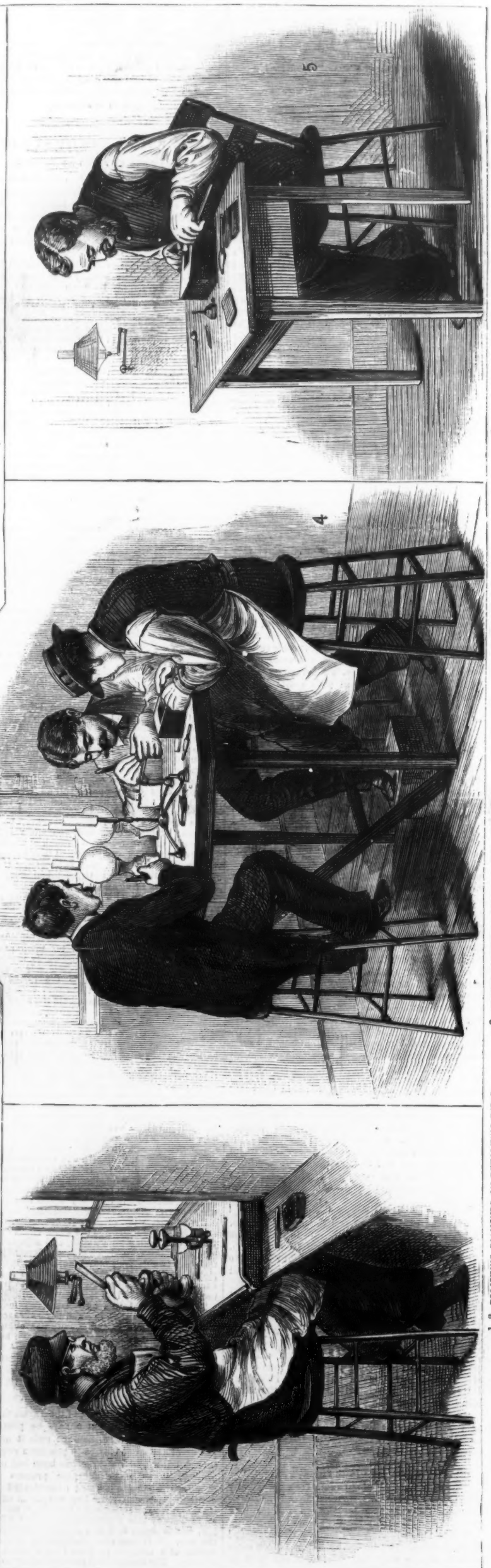
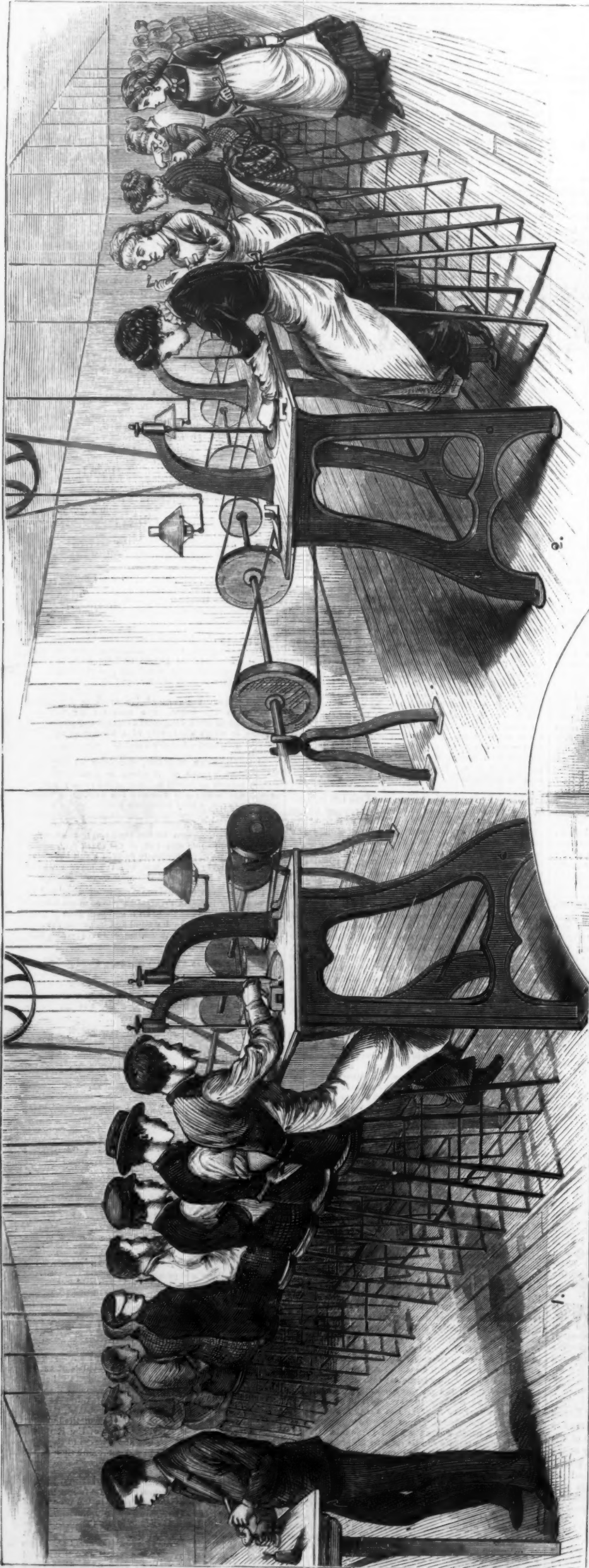
THE Hon. H. W. Blair, of Plymouth, N. H., promised some time ago to restore the old Court House in that town in which Daniel Webster made his first plea. Last week he presented it, completely rejuvenated, to the Young Ladies' Library Association of Plymouth, to be used as a library and reading-room.

THE Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, the eminent Presbyterian divine of New Orleans, has given a rare illustration of self-sacrifice. While away on his Summer vacation, he learned that the yellow fever had broken out, and he at once returned to the city to give his personal efforts towards mitigating the horrors of the scourge.

ONE of Lord Beaconsfield's admirers, Sir Richard Wallace, has presented the new Knight of the Garter with the star and badge of the Order in diamonds of extraordinary beauty and value. The gift is itself a very magnificent one, but it is especially enhanced by the circumstance that they are the identical ornaments worn by the late Marquis of Hertford, the father of the donor, and an old friend of Benjamin Disraeli.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, since the attempts upon his life, has received numerous testimonials of the esteem in which he is held by his subjects. Besides thousands of telegrams, he has received more than two hundred addresses, the number of signatures to each address varying between ten and ten thousand, many of which are perfect works of art. Most of the bindings are in blue velvet, the favorite color of the Emperor, with gold or silver clasps, and alto-reliefs in the same metals. They have been placed on exhibition at the Old Palace in Berlin.

PRESIDENT HAYES has expressed the desire of receiving the Chinese Embassy with the fullest honors, and wishes the event to take place in the presence of all the members of the Cabinet and prominent Government officials. It is intended to invite the foreign Ministers and the members of their Legation. Though it is not definitely determined when the event shall take place, it is expected at the State Department that it will be delayed till some time in September, when there will be an opportunity of having present all who would be summoned to attend.



1, 2. POLISHING DIAMONDS ON REVOLVING DISKS. 3. SETTER ADJUSTING DIAMOND FOR POLISHING. 4. ADJUSTING AND SEATING DIAMONDS. 5. CUTTER SLAPING THE DIAMOND BY ABRASION. MASSACHUSETTS.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—DIAMOND CUTTING AND POLISHING AT BOSTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 423.



THE BRIGHTON BEACH DEPOT AT THE JUNCTION OF FLATBUSH AND ATLANTIC AVENUES.—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST TRAIN TO BRIGHTON BEACH.

THE GREAT POPULAR SUMMER RESORT.

BRIGHTON BEACH AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

NEW YORK to Brighton Beach in forty minutes! This, indeed, is a golden promise to those who toil and spin when the mercury is coquetting

with the nineties; and who long, with a thirst of fever, for the fresh, gladsome caresses of the healthy-giving breeze from the sea. Forty minutes from the roar of Broadway to the dulcet

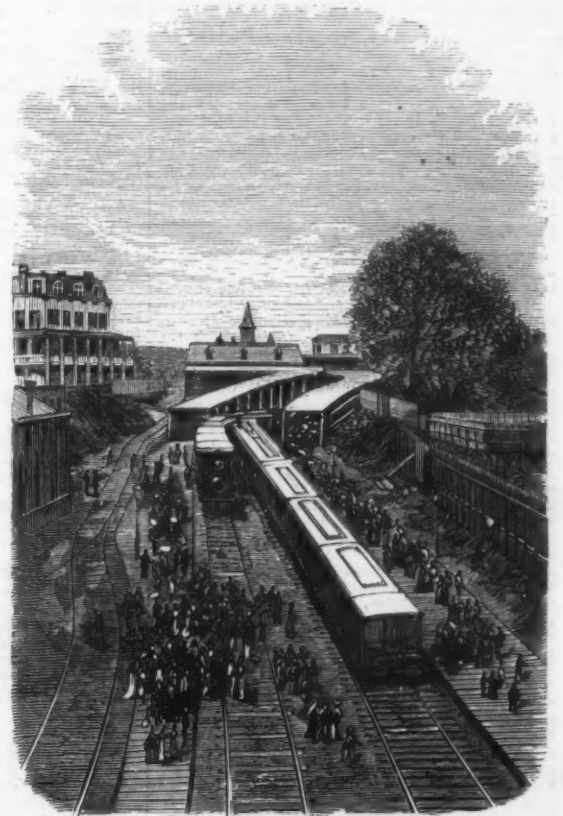
murmurs of the wavelets; forty minutes from an atmosphere that, ghoul-like, sucks the life-blood, to a temperature which rivets the nerves, causing man and woman and child that nameless intoxication begotten of prolonged and delicious draughts of ozone. This is no promise given to the ear to be broken to the hope. It is no idle, no vaunting ex-

complished, and now forty minutes suffice to transplant us from the "dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood" to the velvet strand at Brighton Beach, ever breezy, ever bright, ever beautiful. The double-track road, laid at a cost of one million of dollars, now extends to Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, reaches westward along that main artery to

bridge. Eleven minutes, thanks to Mr. Smith, to whose thorough workmanship and the superb manner in which he has built the railway, whirl the traveler from Prospect Park to the Brighton Hotel—eleven minutes, that prove almost as exhilarating as a dip in the ocean! Mr. Smith, who has been a railroad contractor all his life, never



THE BATHING PAVILION, AT BRIGHTON BEACH.



PROSPECT PARK DEPOT, R. F. & C. I. RAILWAY.

with the nineties, and who long, with a thirst of fever, for the fresh, gladsome caresses of the healthy-giving breeze from the sea. Forty minutes from the roar of Broadway to the dulcet

aggration; and with such men as James N. Smith, president and constructor of the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island Railway, and William E. Dorwin, superintendent, the welcome fact has been ac-

complished, and now forty minutes suffice to transplant us from the "dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood" to the velvet strand at Brighton Beach, ever breezy, ever bright, ever beautiful. The double-track road, laid at a cost of one million of dollars, now extends to Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, reaches westward along that main artery to

bridge. Eleven minutes, thanks to Mr. Smith, to whose thorough workmanship and the superb manner in which he has built the railway, whirl the traveler from Prospect Park to the Brighton Hotel—eleven minutes, that prove almost as exhilarating as a dip in the ocean! Mr. Smith, who has been a railroad contractor all his life, never



THE HOTEL BRIGHTON, ON BRIGHTON BEACH.

LONG ISLAND.—THE PEOPLE'S GREAT SUMMER RESORT—THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS ON CONEY ISLAND—BRIGHTON BEACH AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

luxurious, than the open carriages, while the general management of the line reflects immense credit upon the ability of Mr. W. E. Dorwin. To handle thousands as one would manipulate a score is no easy task, and to handle them to their own satisfaction as well as to that of the directors, demands great administrative skill. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Dorwin has succeeded. Eleven minutes and the traveler is flashed into a depot, beneath whose friendly shelter no rain nor storm can penetrate, and from whose platform, almost in condition for an Offenbachian waltz, he emerges into an hotel, unique, spacious, sumptuous. Brighton Beach without an hotel would be charming. Brighton Beach with the magnificent hostelry, which casts its shadows on its sands, is simply perfection. The scene summons appetite; the chef at the hotel is prepared to satisfy it—anything, everything, from an iced soufflé to the less assuming but equally delectable clam-chowder.

The hotel has been erected with a view to a dual line of duty. To feed ten thousand hungry transit *bona fide* travelers daily, and to afford a home for the more exacting few, to whom quiet and high art in surroundings are absolute essentials. This task has been accomplished by Messrs. Breslin & Sweet in a manner so complete as to establish an enthusiastic clientele of the many, and a very select and appreciative set of the few. The ten thousand flash to Brighton Beach to return from it and sing its praises to one hundred thousand, and thus the tide ebbs and flows as day after day rolls on. The select few liked the location, were charmed with the hotel, did not miss their own luxurious common objects, became fascinated by the cookery, and lo! Murray Hill claims a large portion of this new famous hostelry. The first, or ground-floor, is the resort of the thousands, with its immense dining-halls, capable of seating 1,500 persons at one time, and its broad piazzas, where the Summer breeze never dies. Upon the second, or upper floor, those who engage rooms "most do congregate," and Axminster carpets and Eastlake furniture, *bric-à-brac* and Louis Quatorze clocks and costly nothings indicate the haunts of refinement, culture and aestheticism. The one hundred and sixty bedrooms are eagerly sought after, as many as three hundred guests being accommodated in a single night. The committee of the New York Club, being desirous of keeping its members cool during the dog-days, bethought them that a suite of rooms at the Brighton Beach Hotel would bring the best men together, and three apartments on the second floor are now at the exclusive command of that select and sybaritic coterie. The halls are spacious and well-ventilated, the staircases broad and carpeted, fit for the royal heel of King or Kaiser, while the upper portion of the hotel is kept as distinct from the lower as though beneath another and distant roof. Gas and running water are laid on to every room, while each room "gives" upon a piazza. The rooms, too, all open into each other, and can be rendered *en suite* in the space of a few moments. The first floor commands an ocean frontage of four hundred and fifty feet. Immediately opposite the piazza is the music-stand, at which Contorno's Twenty-third Regiment band discourses from Mendelssohn to opera bouffe, aided by the great cornet soloist, Levy. The hotel grounds are decorated in the most tasteful manner, and better boarded than many a ball-room. We may look for flowers next season, and those dainty ribbon-borders, upon which the English marine hosteleria so much pride themselves. The hotel looks very gay in its Summer coat, no less than ten tons of white lead and other paint having been recently placed upon it by the Union White Lead Company of Burling Slip, New York City. In its kitchens are a battalion of cooks, in its dining-rooms a standing army of waiters. The giant range, erected by E. Moncuse, of 128 South Fifth Avenue, who has furnished the ranges for most of the leading hotels of the country, is a sight worth beholding, while the various and delectable dishes it turns out are almost beyond the pale of enumeration. Brighton Beach boasts of a bathing pavilion and one worthy of a very special mention. From it bathers reach the briny waves without touching foot upon sand or gravel, and, at night, a large electric light blazes in front, illuminating the waters for a long distance in all directions. This enormous and unique building contains six hundred bath rooms, a bar, a restaurant, and picnic grounds. In addition to these attractions, the amusement of the "wee ones" has not been overlooked; and while papa and mamma are disporting themselves in the briny, Miss Tottie and Master George Washington can enjoy the high and mighty delights of the swing-swing and the hobby horse, while baby can have a delicious snooze in a snowy cradle. For the admirable manner in which this concern is operated Mr. Engeman deserves special recognition. Brighton Beach Hotel has also become famous as the resort of those who delight in "a cruise upon wheels," and stails have been erected in the rear capable of accommodating hundreds of teams. Asphalt has been extended to the western end of the hotel, and the drive of five and a half miles from Brooklyn to the beach is a pleasure of which immense numbers daily avail themselves. Brighton Beach is now a recognized fact, and the enterprise of all who have contributed to make it so brilliant a success cannot be too highly applauded or too liberally supported. Even the parent and pioneer of all railways on Long Island, the Long Island Railroad proper, attaining under its new management fresh vigor and larger enterprise, has reached out its connections to Brighton, and now takes passengers direct, without change of cars from Long Island City to the beach. To all New York above Thirty-fourth Street, the new route will prove an exceeding convenience, and soon a necessity. The formal opening of the line on the 6th inst. signaled the first appearance of Pullman cars on Coney Island, and was one of the most brilliant events of the season.

THE REMINGTON RIFLE ABROAD.

Although an international rifle-match this year appears extremely doubtful, evidence of the superiority of the American breech-loader over all other arms continues to accumulate. Some of the most remarkable long-range shooting on record has lately been done in the English matches by Mr. A. F. Humphrey, a member of the British team which shot at Creedmoor last year, with a Remington rifle, which he obtained during his visit to this country. At the Wimbledon meeting in July, Mr. Humphrey won four first prizes, making in almost every instance the highest possible score. In the Hailford match, he made seven consecutive "bull's-eyes" at one thousand yards, while at the Cambridge University matches, a few days previous, he recorded the best score ever made in a public match on the range, his grand total at 900, 1,000 and 1,100 yards being 408. The leading military and sporting journals of England, in noticing Mr. Humphrey's remarkable scores, attribute no small share of his success to the superiority of his Remington rifle, and concede that the excellence of the American breech-loader over the English muzzle-loading rifle is established. The Hon. R. Finkett

also made a flattering score in the Lords and Commons match at Wimbledon, with a Remington, putting on ten successive bull's-eyes at 500 yards, and making the highest individual record in the match.

FUN.

SHE (bewitchingly)—"Oh, I'm so glad you are going to see me to my carriage, Mr. Brown!" He (flattered)—"Indeed! And may I ask why?" She—"Oh, because the girls are so jealous, and I want to prove that I do not monopolize all the good-looking men."

At an American "Independence" banquet at Geneva, considerable amusement was caused by the receipt of the following telegram from Chamounix: "The American flag is at this moment waving on the summit of Mont Blanc. If you don't believe it, come and see."

A LITTLE boy ran away from home, and while enjoying himself in forbidden fields, a thunder-storm came up, and it began to hail. His guilty conscience needed no accuser. Running home, he burst into the presence of his astonished mamma, exclaiming, breathlessly, "Ma, ma, God's throwing stones at me!"

MANY, many years ago a gentleman called on Mr. Hoby, then the most fashionable, most extravagant, most flourishing of bootmakers. "I bought a pair of straps here last week," said he, "and think they turned out shamefully; I will never buy another pair of straps in this shop." "Put up the shavers, John," said Mr. Hoby, turning to one of his men; "it's no good our going on with the business; this gentleman will never buy another pair of sixpenny straps here."

SOCIAL AGONIES.—*Man servant* (in stentorian accents)—"Lady and Mister Jones." *Lady Jones*—"I'm so sorry, dear Mrs. Lyon Hunter! Poor Sir John is so oppressed by the heat that he did not dare venture out to dinner to-night, but I have brought you our son in his place!" (Sir John Jones, as everybody knows, is the lion of the season, besides being the wealthiest man in London, and all the people assembled for dinner at Mrs. Lyon Hunter's have been invited expressly to meet Sir John Jones.)

"HAVE you a card, sir?" asked the doorkeeper of the House. The man looked a little surprised, and answered: "Card? No, I don't carry a pack." "Where are you from?" inquired the doorkeeper. "Nothe Carling," was the reply. "What do you do down in North Carolina when you go a visiting? Don't you send in a card to the man you want to see?" The "tarheel" laughed outright. "Lor a massy!" he exclaimed, "why we ride up to a feller's fence and holler to him to tie his dog, and then we 'light and go in."

A POPULAR preacher in New York happened to speak to his fashionable congregation of the "Song of Solomon." One of the results was that Mr. Shoddybags, one of his hearers, the next day called at a music-store and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon'?" Our pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it." The music man looked through his stock, sadly wagged his head, and said he was sorry they were just out of it.

STARVING TO DEATH.

THOUSANDS of men and women are starving themselves to death. They dare not eat or drink this or that, fearing it will increase their flesh. Life depends upon continuous self-denial. The only safe and reliable remedy for this terrible condition is Allan's Anti-Fat. It is wholly vegetable and perfectly harmless. Its use insures a reduction of from two to five pounds per week. Sold by druggists.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 13th, 1878.

TO THE PROPRIETOR OF ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT:

Gentlemen—The following report is from the lady who used Allan's Anti-Fat: "It (the Anti-Fat) had the desired effect, reducing the fat from two to five pounds a week, until I had lost twenty-five pounds. I hope never to regain what I have lost."

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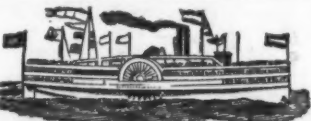
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